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# COLLIER'S

FOR AUGUST 8, 1903

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Containing Articles by George Lynch  
and Frederick Palmer and a Double-  
Page Drawing by George W. Peters



DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

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# Schlitz

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**EDITORIAL BULLETIN**

**COLLIER'S WEEKLY**

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

New York, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C., and The International News Co., 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.

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**To Secure Still Better Printing**

**W**ITHIN a few weeks COLLIER'S WEEKLY will have an equipment of presses and folding machinery superior to any other publication's. The first of these presses and mammoth folders are now being erected, and in September our readers should note striking improvements in the appearance of the WEEKLY. We believe we shall then be able to surpass any other publication in the quality of our printing. COLLIER'S surpasses most papers now in this respect, but with the new presses we shall be able to do something now done by no other paper of large circulation—print the entire paper on one side at a time, allowing ample time for the first impression to dry before it is backed by the impression on the reverse side. This will prevent any "offset" or smutting of the sheets.

Perhaps our readers who are unfamiliar with printing methods will fail to realize what it means to print nearly 400,000 copies of COLLIER'S WEEKLY each week by the slow processes imposed upon us by our heavy photographic and art plates. But the printing experts will know, and they will hold up their hands at the expense involved. Even with the mammoth equipment now being installed, it will require four days of constant running to print and fold the entire edition, two days preceding being needed for proper "make-ready" of the forms. Twelve presses and three of the largest folding and assembling machines will now be required to do what two presses formerly did. But the gain to our subscribers in quality and promptness of delivery will more than compensate us for the outlay and work involved.

**The Lion's Mouth Contest for August**

**T**HE new presses will enable us to do many other things we have long had in mind—change the size of the paper slightly, change its make-up and arrangement, and provide additional color and art features. For this reason the questions for the August competition of *The Lion's Mouth* turn upon the appearance and dress of the WEEKLY:

- 1 Which of the five numbers for August do you like best from the standpoint of printing and typographical arrangement, and why?
- 2 What suggestions have you to make for the improvement of *Collier's* on these lines?

This will enable all our readers to state any objections they may have to the present arrangement or appearance of the paper and to suggest ways for improvement. We desire all possible help from our readers in this respect, and the prizes of \$329.00 for the month should stimulate all to their best endeavor. There is also a prize, \$1,000.00 in cash, for the best suggestion during the year, and this could very well fall to an idea involving the arrangement or appearance of the paper.

The contest will close on September 5th, and the announcement of prize-winners will be made in the October Household Number, dated September 26th.

**A Ten Dollar Prize for a Photograph**

COLLIER'S WEEKLY will pay liberally for photographs to be used in "The Focus of the Time." Photographers, both professional and amateur, in all parts of the world are invited to submit pictures. Those that can not be used by us will be returned. Such as are available will be paid for and an additional prize of ten dollars will be awarded to the best photograph published during the month. The two points which will be considered principally in the selection of the prize photograph will be the importance of the picture as a news event, and the quality of the photograph itself. All photographs must bear on the reverse side the date, the name of sender, and explanatory note of the incident with date. Photographs should be addressed to "Art Editor, Collier's Weekly, New York."

**Extra Prints of the "Consistory" Picture**

The extraordinary demand for extra prints of the beautiful double-page picture in colors of "The Pope Holding a Consistory," which appeared in COLLIER'S WEEKLY of July 18th, has led us to print an extra edition. Copies of the picture, unmounted and unfolded, will be mailed to any address, in a cardboard tube, for eight 2-cent stamps; additional copies to the same address, 10 cents each. Proof copies, from original plates, embossed and mounted on heavy gray cardboard for framing, by express prepaid, for Two Dollars each. Address,

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**L**AW REFLECTS OPINION. Burning for certain crimes is a punishment which, according to some observers, satisfies the public conscience. Therefore, why not enact this conscience into law? Let us have a statute, in each State where lynching is approved, enacting that whenever the community becomes excited over a crime, it shall be the duty of all citizens to seize some negro, the guilty one if convenient, conduct him to a public place, collect together the little children and women as audience, and there burn his flesh until it disappears. Arrangements could be made for photographing the postures and struggles of the victim, and the phonograph might preserve his screams. A half-holiday should be given to the schools. In cases where the necessary haste resulted in killing the wrong man, two views would be possible. Some would argue in favor of an apology, or statement of regret, to the wife and children of the dead

#### A MODEST PROPOSAL

negro, explaining clearly that the real culprit would have been preferred had he been accessible within the few hours in which it was necessary to burn somebody. Others would advise saying nothing about such cases, but assuming that the man burned was *ipso facto* guilty. As, under the elaborate forms of law, an innocent person is now and then punished, a large per cent of error should be accepted willingly under the lynching statutes. A powerful recent German tragedy is called "Schuldig," or "Guilty." It tells of a man released, after twenty years' imprisonment, because the actual murderer had confessed. He finds that, under the stigma of his conviction, his family has degenerated. His wife, in poverty and shame, has consented to the support of another man. His daughter has followed the mother's example. The son has accepted his inheritance of crime. Crazy by all these consequences, the distracted husband and father kills his wife's seducer. He is caught standing dazed, with axe in hand, and hurried off to prison again. This time he is really "guilty."

**M**R. ROOSEVELT AND MR. CLEVELAND are competitors in many ways. Each has some claims to the post of Columbia's chief guide, philosopher, and friend. "Two voices are there, each a mighty voice." One faces nearly a million yearly immigrants and the patriarchs of Utah with pleas against race-suicide. He meets our abounding and overflowing power with arguments for a fighting navy, the very biggest in the world. To the quick-shooting Westerners he recommends the big club, and suggests that the pistol be drawn only when you mean to kill. The other mighty voice reminds Tammany Hall of its glorious traditions, and advises the sachems of the wigwam to live up to their shining past. Both are good men, who occasionally talk when they have nothing useful to contribute. On those occasions the dulcet tones are sometimes accompanied by a solemn swaying of the ears. There are times when a man, "having a large and fruitful mind, should not so

#### SIX TO FIVE

much labor what to speak as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded." But to allege all this is only to remark that both our heroes, being mortal, have in their compositions the due amount of human folly. Either would, if elected again, be an excellent official. Probably each would do even better than on previous occasions. But their rivalry goes beyond the present; beyond that fragment of the future which either may fairly hope to see. Both have arranged that their images shall be eterne. Six lusty children to the Republican, five to the Democrat, promise to an anxious world the material for Presidents to come. The possible lines stretch out, like Banquo's, to the crack of doom. If Mr. Roosevelt's descendants should do as well as he, his grandchildren would number thirty-six, and their grandchildren one thousand two hundred and ninety-six. Mr. Cleveland at that time, however, would be represented by six hundred and twenty-five, or barely more than half. Moreover, the Republican leader is the younger man.

**P**OWER BREEDS ARROGANCE. Labor unions have made errors recently. They are feeling their oats. The approval of the sound majority all over the nation has gone to Governor Durbin of Indiana, and only disgust is felt for the employers who discharged men for helping quell the riot. As organized labor also has taken many stands against the militia, it is face to face with this sound public spirit, which, from Washington's day to ours, has looked upon militia as one of the pillars of democracy, making a large standing army needless, and identifying the soldier with the citizen. Every step taken against the National Guard will leave the unions weaker. Governor Durbin denounces the Evansville employers as guilty of moral treason. Morally traitors, no less, are all labor organizations which oppose the militia in hopes of rioting freely. Another

#### LABOR'S CHOICE

error has been made of late by labor, in forcing President Roosevelt to show his courage by reinstating an official whose removal was secured by union influence. A solid mass of public opinion arose for the President and against the unions. Foolish leadership can put back the cause of labor as rapidly as wise leadership can advance it. Unhappily, it is easier to find many Sam Parkses than a few John Mitchells. Labor, to succeed, must preserve its sense of justice. Otherwise its cause is one with anarchy. It is noticeable, now that the coal strike has sunk into the past, that one of the lasting memories in the public mind is the wrongs suffered, in that conflict, by non-union workmen. All violence tends to remind us of them. We recall them when feudists swagger about in brutal murders, or when gross cruelty seeks a negro-burning for a holiday. That lawlessness is a foe to honor is becoming now more clearly felt, week by week; and it will be well for labor to choose more than ever carefully in the approaching conflict between justice and revolt.

**S**OME PEOPLE ARE STRENUOUS because they lack the finer powers. Strenuousness is often commotion. It may be urgent need for noise. The grape is sometimes also a potent cause of the strenuous mood. Strenuousness may signify nothing. Why be hot, unless there is something demanding heat? Nature, according to Emerson, laughs, and requests little man to keep cool. Opposite to crude obstreperousness is the darker fault of indifference. Years often mellow the nature which in its original bustle constitutes a nuisance, but for lethargy there is seldom hope. The ideal clearly lies between. Not to have attributes which lead to calm is to lack depth, and the most admirable men of action often love quiet until great occasions call. No one of America's greatest men would be called especially strenuous. Washington's dream, reiterated toward the end of his life with pathetic monotony, was rest under his own vine and fig tree.

#### SOUND AND FURY

At the height of his powers he spent a dozen years as a peaceful farmer. Lincoln could rise to any occasion, but he could whittle and dream and think until the occasion came. Franklin was like a placid light throughout his long existence. Webster's images came to him with the fish which he hailed jocosely as they landed from the brook. Grant long remained content in humble industry. So we might go through the list, finding perhaps only Hamilton, on the list of most notable Americans, who was marked by the itching need of ceaseless and conspicuous action. None of them, on the other hand, was guilty of indifference. In a work of true art every part has evidence of feeling, but not every part is emphasized. The man who is too ferocious over nothing is usually not the man who unfolds strength in emergency. The normal bearing of the powerful is serene.

**T**HE KITTEN PLAYS FROM PURE ENJOYMENT. "Sporting with the leaves that fall," it is using abundant strength and spirit. Such is the play of children. In youth sport becomes contest. Young men measure prowess in football, tennis, baseball, or boxing, as once upon a time Pythagoras, Euripides, and Plato won garlands and glory at Olympia. Later in life, our kind of sport depends upon our past. The man who has been an athlete, when age takes away the more violent games, is still sincere in his love of sport. He loves the thing itself—the skill, the exercise, the struggle, the horse, the boat, or whatever it may be. The man, however, who has never been an athlete often takes up sport because it is the fashion. He thinks only of the trappings. He owns a yacht, keeps horses, or drives a coach, because he likes the sight of himself with those accoutrements. Sport, with the setting given to it by fashion, enables a man to wear picturesque caps and boots, and also to mix himself up with the heroic attributes of his property. One man raises horses because he knows and loves them, and likes to breed them well, as a natural artisan likes to carve some object as perfectly as he can. Another, loaded with a fortune for which his nature finds no exercise, hires men who know how to buy horses, so that he reaches the pinnacle of being the legal owner of a beast that wins a race; or he buys a yacht, with which his employees may defend or lift a cup. These are often worthy citizens. They are frequently patrons of art, with no knowledge of pictures, patrons of learning, with perfect ignorance of books, and patrons of sport, with no power or instinct for bodily exertion. In this way, they decorate their lives.

#### SPORT AS DECORATION

**T**HE WORLD GROWS REASONABLE. Whether or not it gains in honesty, beauty, or imagination, there are certain improvements which can hardly be gainsaid. It is cleaner than it was, more equal in opportunity, and more inclined to let reason rule, in the conduct of nations. Rationality and utility have gained





power in government as despotism and divine right declined. It is more reasonable to fight over markets than over the personal quarrels of sovereigns or the claims of rival houses. In recent wars in South Africa, Cuba, and China the public had a much larger stake than in the struggles of Lancaster and York. Nowadays we ask not only whether a contention is just, but whether it is worth the cost of battle. Between strong and civilized commercial nations few questions now seem worth the price of war. Hence this epidemic of peacemaking jaunts. Visits, planned or already made, take the monarchs of Germany, Russia, England, and Italy, and the President of France, back and forth among one another's domains, in a scramble to show and increase friendliness all around. No one of these peace processions is wiser or more profitable than the sojourn of Edward and Alexandra in Ireland. When a prince of the royal blood goes to Australia and Canada,

EDWARD  
IN IRELAND

it is a visit to distant but friendly parts of the united empire. When the King crosses the Irish Channel, it is more like his visit to France, a peace journey to a hereditary enemy. His social gift is the power for which the throne offers King Edward the greatest opportunity to-day. He is a genial, democratic soul, who is accustomed to many classes of men and women, and he has just that impartial human reasonableness and urbanity which fits one for social intercourse with an Irishman. England has stopped thinking passionately about Ireland, and is now using its reasoning powers on the question of how to give the neighboring island enough to make her friendly. As the conquered nation retains rancor longest, Irish feeling toward England has not changed so much. It is changing, however, and Edward is just the sort of a king to help on the improvement. Monarchs used to be the cause of war. Now their properest function is the maintenance of peace, and most of them are busied with this task.

**SOCIETY COLUMNS ARE A NECESSITY** of the modern newspaper. All classes of readers require the news of rich figure-heads of fashion—who is at Newport, Lenox, or Bar Harbor, who dined, and when, and which meal was grandest. Never believe the cynics who inform you that society columns are for the kitchen. They are for everybody, and not even maids or waitresses read them more attentively than the women whose names compose the material. The classes between are equally intent. Every newspaper office is pestered by efforts of the unfashionable to force an entrance to the sacred columns. Often a man who deals in real estate, dry goods, or other business which requires advertising, is able, without being in the group which is called society, to have his wife's bridge whist inserted between the arrival from Europe

NEWS FROM  
NEWPORT

of Miss Geraldine Octopus and the departure for Aiken of Mrs. Gotrox. There is here nothing so contemptible as hypocrites pretend. We all wish a nibble of whatever the world affords. We wish at least a refusal of any kind of glory or amusement. In our day-dreams we acquire heroism, wealth, power, genius, and prestige. We stint ourselves in no direction. Everybody is at least a little interested in actresses, because they represent freedom and excitement which even the puritan would fain taste, although, for their welfare, he might forbid it to his friends. Each of us would like to perform some noble service for a queen. The creator of Leatherstocking, traveling in England, was impressed by the similarity of various superstitions. As we have heard ghost stories in our youth, not the most mature reason can go, on a dark night, indifferently through a churchyard. So the boldest of the English, when philosophizing profoundly against aristocracy, look stealthily over their shoulders, as if they saw a lord!

PRIVILEGES  
OF WOMEN

**AMERICANS TREAT WOMEN ROYALLY.** A while ago a woman pretended to have a child, in order to secure a fortune. She was acquitted, but two male accomplices were convicted. "Who had that child, anyway?" shouted a bystander. Time and again, women on trial for murder go free on evidence that would hang a man. If a woman assumes the privilege of walking up to a window and buying a railway ticket, while twenty persons wait their turn, it is an exceptional clerk who will tell her to take her place at the bottom of the line. "When lovely woman stoops to folly," and divorce results, the husband frequently assumes the guilt. Women are gaining rights without losing privileges. Men now treat them as equals intellectually, but they do not in return demand social equality for themselves. They still hold open the door for them to pass. The part of the Servian tragedy which aroused most indignation in this country was the murder of the woman. The cause of this fine treatment is not to be sought alone in chivalry. Woman's modern privileges are due less to her physical weakness than to

her physical charm. A portrait of a pretty woman sells for more than double the price of a male portrait by the same master. Men, walking for pleasure on our streets, look at the women, and women, instead of reciprocating, observe their own sex. Pretty girls are the pervasive interest on the stage, in the street, in the illustrated press, in art, or wherever there is an answer to the public taste. Whatever may have been true of other times or places, the most charming object to an American of to-day is woman's beauty. The professor and the man of action discuss it, as well as the college boy and the other women. No wonder, then, that, the rule of force being abolished, this conquering charm subdues juries and renders docile husbands and all mankind. The only male who consistently resists this fascination is the judge. If evidence were estimated by the court, instead of by the jury, sex sympathy would give place to rigorous equality. More women would see the scaffold or the jail, and such a lovely comedy as the aforementioned trial would be lost to the annals of human folly. May the spirit of chivalry flourish forever in the hearts of male America—but not at the expense of justice!

**SYLLOGISMS ARE EASY.** A hundred men are logical where one is wise. The philosopher who draws a line through the universe, and explains in ten volumes that everything lies either to the right or to the left of his division, is correct, but not luminous. The usual mode of reasoning about public affairs is to get on one side of a question, by accident, interest, or passion, and then argue as plausibly as may be. The habit of mind, which is like a pair of scales, weighing opposite truths, is rarer than the habit which shouts for one aspect of the truth. Free trade is a fallacy, say some. Protection is a fallacy, say others. The statesman, the real thinker, is he whose mind can take in the facts of a given situation, and see whether free trade or protection is needed there and then, not always and everywhere. A tariff on grain means dear food, argues "Punch." The less you eat the hungrier you are. The hungrier you are the more you eat. Hence, the more you eat, the less you eat. Q. E. D. A fair summary, that, of much of the great argument, about it and about, which is wasted on questions of the day. Happily for the Anglo-Saxon race, it has never been as passionate for logic as some other peoples have. When Rufus Choate called the language of the Declaration of Independence "glittering generalities," he spoke cruelly, but with some fairness. When we used to encounter painfully elaborate analogies between Aguinaldo and George Washington, we felt as if we listened to the words of an expanding college orator. One healthy attribute of our people is their appetite for fact. They are bored by much reasoning from slender premises. They listen to the man who knows. The average man is able to reason pretty well for himself, provided he has material enough to reason about. But at election time the average man is prone, whatever the facts that confront him, to vote for his party.

STOVEPIPE  
HATS

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN CARRIED LETTERS** in an old top hat. Daniel Webster's battered stovepipe is part of our image of the orator. The assertion, therefore, that this heavy covering "makes our hair fall out, dries up our marrow, and makes us idiots," although true, lacks restraint. Hair is difficult to keep in our nervous days. Methods of preventing its escape are eagerly discussed in the social intercourse of men and women. The marrow allegation we pass by, deeming it of doubtful value. In frankness we should say that silk hats only tend to make us idiots. Many of us are idiots before we put them on, and others remain sane through years of their endurance. A top hat in America has never become the fetich that it is in London. The man who walks in the West End after lunch without a high hat is socially impossible. He is called at best middle-class, and London has no more bitter phrase than middle-class, unless it be suburban. One lord wears a round hat, but only his high position enables him to break the law. The old American habit of wearing these structures because you were a lawyer, or an actor, or for no reason, is dead, and they are worn now for purposes of social rectitude, as in England. Small boys, keen for social taints, throw clods at them in many Western towns. In our larger cities, where the customs of Europe are making inroads on pristine democracy, they have arrived, although as yet, even in the most conventional circles, it takes small boldness to use a substitute. Perhaps the time is not far distant, however, when American etiquette will come abreast of London, and whoever is seen after two o'clock without a shining tall hat upon his head will be branded as no gentleman. Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, once tried to oppose the custom, but the clubs were too strong for him, and he failed, even as John Lackland failed, against the Barons, in the days of Magna Charta.



## MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

**The Bookbinders and the President.**—That the United States Government is not exempt from labor troubles is evidenced by an unprecedented incident which has just taken place at Washington. A. W. Miller, an assistant foreman in the bindery of the Government printing-office, having fallen from the good graces of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders, was expelled from that order on charges of conduct inimical to the union and his fellow employees. The Brotherhood includes practically every employee at work in the Government bindery. Subsequent to his expulsion, Miller, as a non-union man, was dismissed from his position by Public Printer Palmer.



Public Printer Palmer

The Civil Service Commission investigated the case, and on July 6, Public Printer Palmer was ordered to re-assign Miller to duty. Mr. Palmer's inaction impelled the foreman to complain to the President, who, on July 13, peremptorily ordered Miller reinstated. The Brotherhood caused charges and affidavits to be submitted to Mr. Palmer and Secretary Cortelyou, with the object of securing Miller's final dismissal for the good of the service. On July 23, it was stated that the President would not consider the Brotherhood's indictment of Miller, nor would the charges be transmitted to Oyster Bay by Secretary Cortelyou, to whom they had been presented by a committee.

**Wild Times in Wall Street.**—A financial landslide has made a second Ciudad Bolivar out of Wall Street, "the only unprosperous district in a universally prosperous country." The Street fell upon evil days during the last days of July. Anomalous speculative conditions brought about a Waterloo for both wolves and lambs. Daily stock quotation lists suggested the work of a crazy man. Manipulators of millions saw fortunes melt away. Brokers were driven to the wall, and the public was squeezed dry. Firms holding unmarketable millions in securities were posted on the Stock Exchange for want of a few thousands in ready cash. The Bear plot approached a crisis on July 24, with the failure of the prominent brokerage firms of Talbot J. Taylor & Company (known as the "Keene pool brokers") and W. L. Stow & Company, the latter said to be frozen out on Mexican Central securities. Several lesser failures followed. Taylor & Company acted as brokers for the veteran operator James R. Keene, in his recent attempt to gain control of the Southern Pacific. Mr. Keene (whose son-in-law is senior member of Taylor & Company), acknowledged the direct loss of \$1,500,000. The financial situation has become the subject of great anxiety on the part of the Administration. Despite the opposition of Representative Joseph G. Cannon, next Speaker of the House, to any change in financial laws, at the special session contemplated for November next Congress will be asked to provide for more liberal methods in banking and the manipulation of industrial securities.

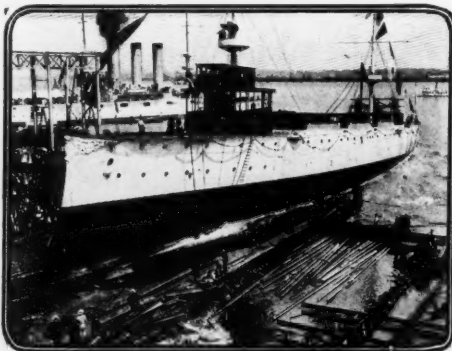


Speaker Cannon

**The King's Visit to Ireland.**—Another royal conqueror has inscribed his "Veni, vidi, vici," upon the scrolls of Time—peaceful in this instance. Following closely upon the events in London—the visit of the American fleet and the welcome to the President of the French Republic—King Edward's trip to Ireland has put to confusion those pessimists who predicted a cold reception for the royal tourists. King Edward and Queen Alexandra, accompanied by the Princess Victoria and their suites, and escorted by the Royal Horse Guards, left London July 20. The Earl of Dudley welcomed their Majesties at Kingstown and accompanied them to Dublin. The city, gayly beflagged, was crowded with enthusiastic people. July 23 the King reviewed the military and naval troops at Phoenix Park, and held court in the famous St. Patrick's Hall at the Castle. His Majesty also visited the lower quarters of Dublin, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary for Ireland. The consensus of public opin-

ion among his loyal but independent subjects seemed to be that he "was a very nice gentleman." The morning of July 25, the King issued a message to the people expressing his deep appreciation of the hearty welcome which they had given him, and emphasized his sympathy with Irish efforts for advancement. The King's itinerary called for a visit to all four provinces of Ireland, and included Belfast (where his Majesty unveiled a statue erected to the memory of Queen Victoria), Londonderry, Killary, Galway, Queenstown, and Cork, to attend the Exhibition. Thence, with Pepys, home and to bed—or, rather, to Cowes.

**The Sultan's Warship and a New Cruiser.**—Should "the old man of the Bosphorus" find himself in trouble in the fall, he will have one fighting machine that he may rely upon to discourage his enemies. The Turkish protected cruiser *Medjidia*, three hundred and thirty feet long, the first warship ever built in America for the Ottoman Empire, was launched at Cramps' Shipyard, Philadelphia, July 25, in the presence of many foreign naval officers and diplomats. This new commerce-destroyer for the Sultan's navy was christened by Mrs. Edwin S. Cramp, who, the Sultan's astute representatives decided, was exempt from the provision of the Koran which forbids a Mohammedan woman from participating at a christening at which



Launch of the Turkish Cruiser Medjidia at Philadelphia

wine is used. . . . The United States cruiser *Galveston* was launched at the yards of the Trigg Shipbuilding Company at Richmond, July 23. Miss Ella Selay of Galveston stood sponsor for the new cruiser. Two months ago the *Galveston* nearly precipitated the United States navy into a sanguinary engagement with Virginia deputy sheriffs, put aboard as prize officers under orders of a receiver.

**The Paterson Tornado and the Danville Race War.**—Three times in eighteen months has the little city of Paterson, New Jersey, fallen a victim to elemental wrath. Last year in February a great conflagration scourged the business portion of the city and evicted five hundred families in the bitter cold of winter. The visitation of fire cost \$8,000,000. Three weeks later a flood destroyed the lower part of the city, and the homes of two thousand people. And finally, on the afternoon of July 22, a tornado falling without warning devastated the city, killing several people and injuring a hundred. Two hundred homes were wrecked. The section of the city which suffered most was crowded with mills and factories and workmen's homes. Plucky Paterson, deserving legatee of Pandora's box, in which Hope still lies confined, disdaining outside help, immediately began the work of reconstruction. . . . Two persons killed, a score wounded,



Paterson, New Jersey, after the Passage of the Great Storm of July 22

the county jail and police station wrecked, and Danville, Illinois, in the hands of the State troops, was the condition of things resulting from a "gun fight" between a lynching mob and Sheriff Whitlock on July 25. Two negroes, Mayfield and Wilson, had been imprisoned, the former for shooting a citizen, the latter for assault. A night attack was made on the jail. Mayfield was haled from a vault, where he lay concealed, and hanged to a telephone pole. Then followed the unprintable supplementary proceedings hitherto supposed to be specialties of Geronimo before the Apache chief found grace at the mourner's bench.

### The End of the Venezuelan Revolution.

—“War, East, West, North or South,” seems a not remote eventuality. The antics of the diplomatic whirligig are undoing the promise of the love feasts. In the Celestial Empire revolution is growing about Peking; a black cloud hovers over the Congo; Russia, under “the new King of Manchuria,” General Kouropatkin, is massing troops against a Japanese eventuality, and the news of the day is speculation on the inexplicable policy of the Czar. But a story of real war comes from South America—the storming of Ciudad Bolivar. On July 13, the Venezuelan Government warships arrived off the stronghold of the revolutionists. General Nicholas Rolando, the last representative of the revolution, having been refused a guaranty of the personal liberty of General Ferrara (whom President Castro pronounced a fit subject for the garrote, rope, or a firing party), awaited the final struggle. With the revolutionary rank and file it was a case of turn Mussulman or be carved. The United States gunboat *Bancroft* was despatched to the scene of trouble, and General Gomez, with an army of five thousand two hundred men, was sent against the foes of Castro's crown and kingdom. The story of the taking of Ciudad Bolivar by fire and sword is an epic lifted from Napoleonic times. On July 26, at eleven o'clock at night, after fifty-two hours of carnage, such as the Western world has not witnessed in two generations, the ill-fated city succumbed to the cyclone of war. Rolando and his officers, Pablo, Guzman, and Vasquez, were taken prisoners. With the downfall of Ciudad Bolivar ends the latest and greatest revolution in Venezuela.



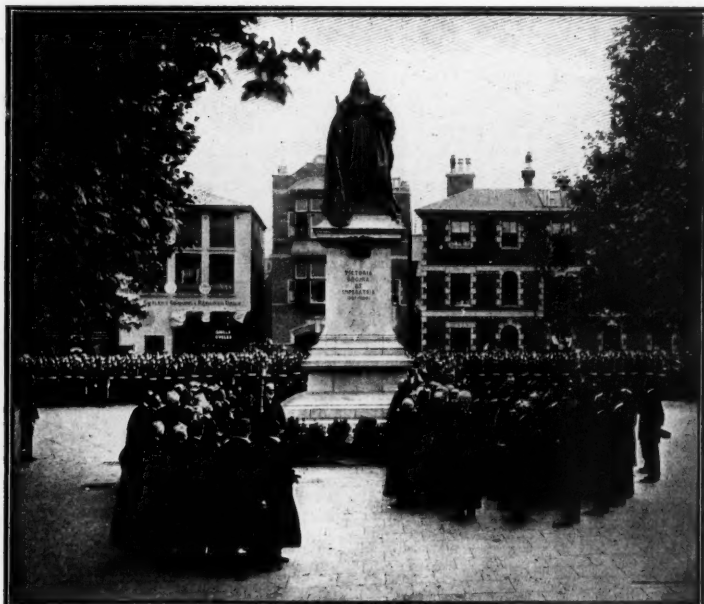
General Kouropatkin

**A World Destroyer and a Goldmaker.**—The coming of a new comet is not always of burning importance, but the find of the Marseilles star-gazer, the Borelli comet, threatens the life of the world on August 27. At that time the fork-tailed traveller seven hundred thousand miles long—whose menacing journeys are reported by Garrett P. Serviss, the astronomical expert at Ithaca, New York—reaches its perihelion, the point of nearest approach to the sun (a trifle of thirty-one million miles). Unless an accident happens, the world's interest will revive in lesser discoveries. The successful transmutation of silver into gold has been accomplished by Mr. Rudolph M. Hunter, alchemist of Philadelphia, an inventor and electrician of standing. Electricity and compression are the salient features in the process of the American Cagliostro. If the projected laboratory can turn out forty dollars' worth of gold from a dollar's worth of silver, the stock of the transmutation company should not go begging. Another important invention comes from Hoboken, New Jersey. A new device in “forward drag” propellers and a new-form ship's bottom will enable “her ladyship the liner” to cross the Atlantic in three and a half days. An Indianapolis electrician has discovered a method of transforming heat into electrical fluid by means of a simple apparatus. “The Wizard of Menlo Park” has perfected a hundred-mile storage battery for automobiles, and a Connecticut inventor has devised a wireless telephone with which he has communicated across the river at Hartford. Another restless spirit has constructed a form of electric chair carriage for use at the St. Louis Fair.

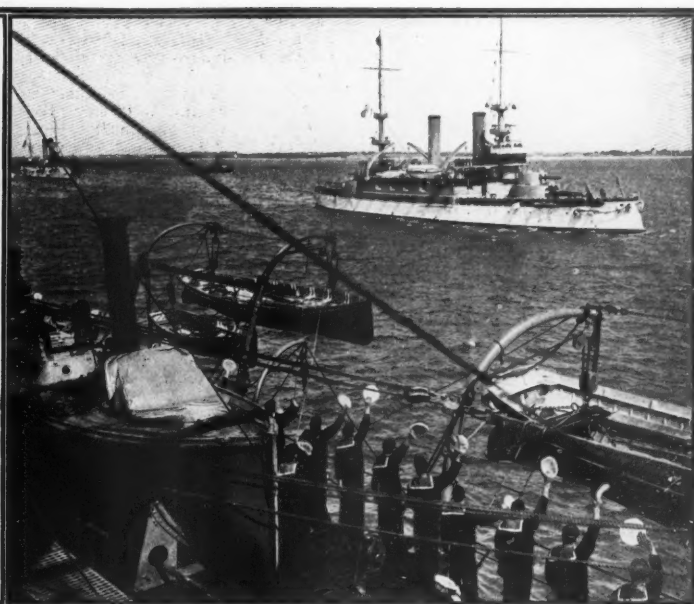


Garrett P. Serviss





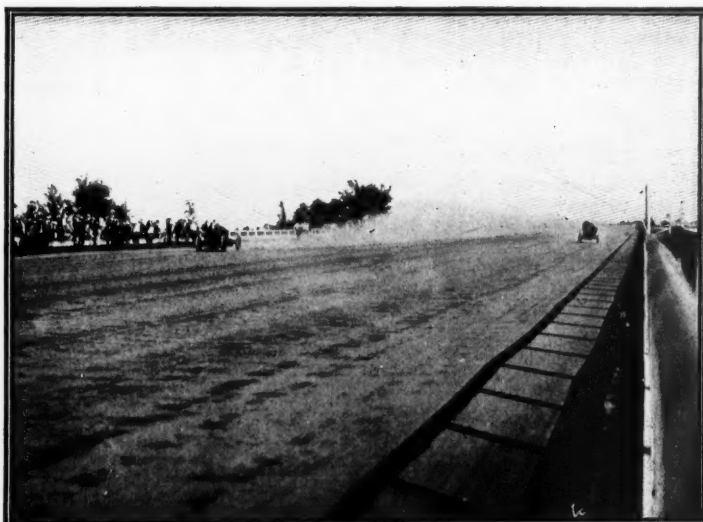
American Sailors and Marines at the Unveiling of the Queen Victoria Statue at Portsmouth



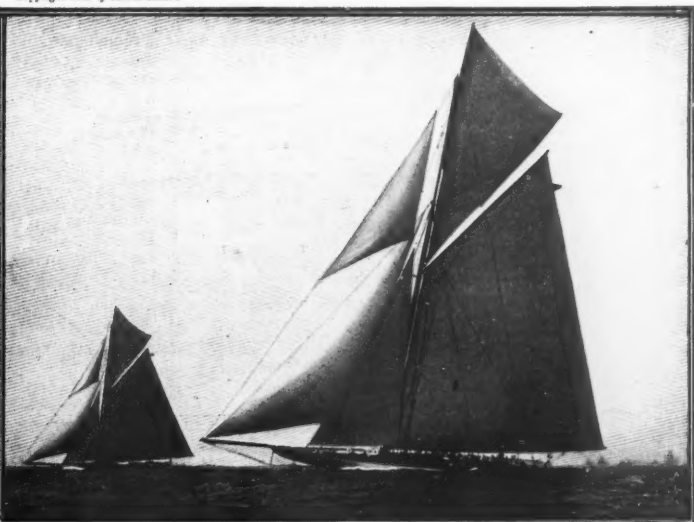
British Seamen Cheering the American Ships as they Passed in Review at Portsmouth

THE KEARSARGE AT PORTSMOUTH (See Page 14)

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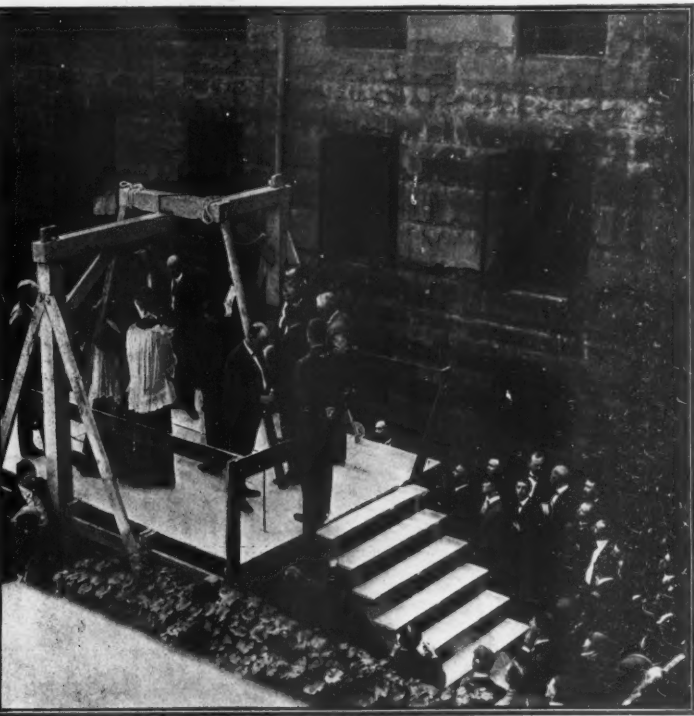
Oldfield Breaking the World's Automobile Mile Record at Empire City Track, New York. Time 55:4-5



Reliance Winning from Columbia in the Race for Special Cup off Newport, July 23



M. Coquelin, the Famous Actor, Reading his Address at the Laying of the Cornerstone of the Actors' Home at Pont Aux Dames, near Paris, July 16. The Establishment was Fostered by many Eminent Men of Art and Letters



Priests Reading the Benediction at the Hanging of Earl Whitney and Claude O'Brien, two Seventeen-year-old Boys who were Convicted of Murder during an Attempted Robbery at Lexington, Kentucky, July 24

THE FOCUS OF THE TIME

A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF CURRENT EVENTS

# AN AUDIENCE WITH THE

# EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA

By George Lynch

**T**HOUGH all invited looked forward with considerable interest to the audience at the summer palace, it was with altogether disagreeable feelings that they contemplated the journey of seventeen miles it entailed. Tall hats and frock-coats were *de rigueur* on this day of racing wind and blinding dust. About eight o'clock in the morning, the guards from the palace, in their dark-blue uniforms, with white hats and red tassels, arrived at the various legations to escort the guests. Some of these rode, and some were carried in chairs, the older men showing a preference for carts. Locomotion in a Chinese chair is accompanied by strange sensations. Every one knows how, after a long stormy voyage, the solid pavement seems for days after landing to sway with a horizontal movement. A long chair-ride produces a similar feeling, only that the motion is vertical, as if the traveller were being danced up and down like a doll on an elastic string.

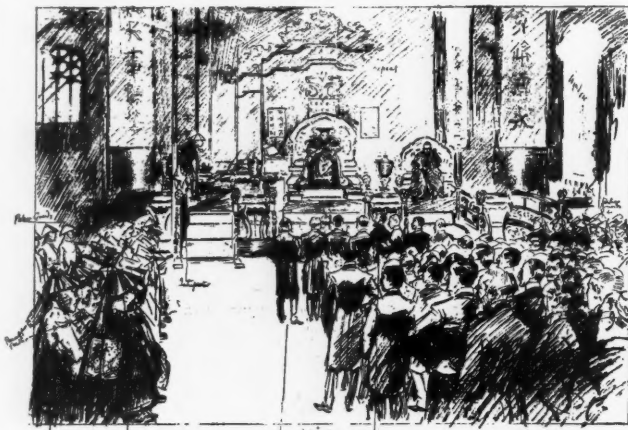
After leaving the city, the miscellaneous procession wended its way along one of the ancient, solidly paved roads peculiar to China. The blocks of that particular road are not so large, not so worn and irregular, as those on the great road to Tungchow, but here and there at frequent intervals there are broken blocks and many altogether missing. This caused a nasty jar, now and then, to the occupants of the wheeled vehicles. Really, it would require only a small outlay for intelligent repairing to make the road as good as new—old though it is. The whole way from a mile outside the wall is extremely picturesque, and in many parts reminds one of the country roads in England along the course of the Thames, until some ornate pagoda, crusted with age, or a wayside temple, dispels the illusion. Through the trees one sees the background of the western hills and catches glimpses of the nearest, on which, as one draws nearer to it, one begins to distinguish architectural details of the imperial palace. Temple builders or palace architects, these Easterners have the faculty of utilizing nature's background for their work, and blending nature's foreground with their own. In Japan, for instance, the temple columns harmonize with the still older pine trunks roundabout. The Western builder appears to say: "Here is the place where I want a palace. I will plant trees around it and grow flowers and make artificial lakes and fountains." In the East he says: "Here is a lotus pond with sloping, tree-shaded banks. I will build me a palace here."

The main gate of the palace is at the foot of the aforesaid hill, and on either side of the courtyard are elaborate and highly ornamented guardhouses. Attendants and soldiers lined the path to the large ante-room of the audience-chamber. On one of the walls remained a curious and significant inscription, reading "British Headquarters." Probably no inmate of the palace who could read English had seen it, or it would surely have been removed. It is as good as the inscription, "Lest we forget," written on the only portion of the bullet-riddled corner of the legation wall that is preserved intact.

All the guests having arrived in time, they were at 12 o'clock precisely ushered into the audience-chamber. It is a large hall of exactly the same design as the two throne-rooms in the palace at Peking. There are three flights of marble steps leading up to the three entrances, which are so high and broad as to give the effect of the entire building being open in front. The Ministers, and the British and Russian *chargés d'affaires* representing their Ministers, went up by the middle steps and entered by the central door. On either side of the hall, the Chinese Ministers and members of the court were lined up, and behind them was the household guard. All the rest of the guests entered by the door on the right. As the Ministers entered the door, they bowed, then advanced a few steps, bowed again, and bowed a third time at the foot of the dais, the others following one or two paces behind. This in place of the kowtow, which was a subject of so much dispute in times past. All eyes were drawn toward the central figure in the room—the Empress Dowager. She sat on the high central throne on the most elevated part of the dais, with the Emperor on a smaller one, a step below on her left. About the dais were tall vases of Chinese cloisonné and ornaments of green jade on high pedestals. The Empress Dowager was dressed in the costume generally worn by Manchu ladies. The upper garment or tunic was of deep-blue silk brocade, with a broad border of white satin embroidered with flowers. From the button that fastened this tunic across the chest hung a string of thirteen very large, but irregularly shaped, pearls. The only other orna-

ments she wore were in her hair, which was drawn up from behind and turned over a gold-carved band about the size of a paper-knife. Her feet have never been bound, and are of the natural size. She wore blue, embroidered shoes with white soles. The Empress Dowager has a distinctly striking face, yet when you come to analyze it or try to account for its attractiveness, it is difficult to explain why it is so fascinating. Perhaps the charm is in the dark eyes, which are bright, alert, and piercing, a certain bagginess under them being the worst that the years have done. The typical Manchu face, smooth, open, and rounded, is wonderfully young for a woman of seventy-two, and it is easy to imagine how beautiful she must have been in her early days. There is nothing on the surface of that mask of affability to betray the extraordinary history of the woman.

A striking contrast to her was afforded by the Emperor—very richly but plainly dressed, with thin face, sallow complexion, hollow cheeks, prominent cheekbones and a high and intellectual if narrow forehead. His eyes gazed out impassively, straight in front of him, giving him the aspect of an ascetic Buddha. But at moments, those eyes would steal round in a quick, furtive glance, with a hunted look seeming to substantiate the rumor that day and night he is watched by the eunuchs of the Empress, who are actually his jailers in a palace which is really his prison.



Miniature reproduction of the pencil sketch made by our special artist at the Audience given to the Foreign Ministers and their guests by the Empress Dowager at Peking, used by Mr. Peters in preparing his double-page picture of the event published in this number

When the Ministers were drawn up, Mr. Conger, who is at present the dean of the diplomatic corps in China, made a little speech in a low voice, expressing in complimentary terms the pleasure of the Ministers in being there. As he does not speak French, and as the Empress's interpreter speaks the language of diplomacy but not English, the American envoy addressed himself to a member of his legation, who gave the message to the court interpreter on the right of the Empress, who in turn, after bowing to the ground, communicated it to her Majesty. She smiled a very pleasant smile, and bobbed her head three or four times. The Emperor smiled once—a curious, enigmatic smile, as if it were given by order of the Empress or the Board of Rights. There was nothing spontaneous or genuine in it; it was purely perfunctory, with perhaps a suggestion of mockery. Having performed his only act in the ceremony, he looked around with that furtive, restless, haunted look. Then the Empress in a low voice made her reply, which was passed through the two interpreters back to Mr. Conger. She spoke clearly and emphatically, with a curious twitching of the right corner of her mouth, such as one sees in people who have had a stroke of paralysis. Everyone bowed, and, stepping backward, still bowing, left the audience-chamber. The whole proceedings took exactly seven minutes. After a short space in the waiting-room, the Minister and other foreigners were conducted to a large hall, where a banquet was spread at a great oblong table. At the middle of the table Wang Wen Shai sat, with Mr. Conger on his right and the Belgian Minister on his left. Directly opposite the chairman sat Chu Hung Chi.

Birds'-nest soup was the first item on the menu; it

was served in porcelain bowls. Then came samli, or fish cutlets; sharks' fins, which were extremely good; York ham and spinach; Peking ducks; pâté de foie gras; Chinese mushrooms, and a variety of confections and fruits. The wines were: First, Chinese rice-wine, tasting rather like Japanese saké, served with the soup; then Pomard, served with the fish; then the Chinese wine Roseden, or Mei Kuli Lii, which was really excellent; then Veuve Clicquot, warm, because uniced; hock; claret. After the meal, cigars and cigarettes were handed round. The banquet was a formal and not very lively affair. Mr. Conger proposed the first toast, the health of "the Emperor, the Empress Dowager, and the young Empress," naming them in this order. Wang Wen Shai replied and then proposed the health of the visitors. The Belgian Minister proposed the toast of the Wai Wu Pu, or Chinese Foreign Office, and this was replied to by Chu Hung Chi. According to the protocol, the Emperor should have presided in person at this banquet, as it is stipulated that he should do so when the representatives of the foreign powers are entertained at the palace. But the imperial jailers may have thought this inexpedient. For what if, after the generous Roseden or the warm wine of the widow Clicquot had mounted to his imperial head, he should have got on his legs and spoken out, have told them the story of his aspirations and efforts for the reform of that great empire of which he was nominally the ruler, told them of the actual state of things within the palace itself, and appealed directly to them for help? But on the dais he had given one the impression that any such dramatic initiative was long since completely and effectively frightened out of him.

The lunch, or banquet, lasted nearly two hours. In the service and appointments there was a curious mixture of Oriental splendor and tawdry European vulgarity. The ornaments were extremely fine, but the wine was served out of glasses and tumblers of the cheapest Japanese or German manufacture, such as might be seen in the lowest taverns. There were strips of cheap European carpet in the most glaring colors and patterns on the floor. The knives, which came from Sheffield, were evidently made to sell and not to cut. The servants were so numerous that they got in one another's way.

After the banquet, the guests were invited to see the palace and go over the grounds, and this was the most enjoyable part of the day's entertainment. This summer palace shows hardly any traces of having been occupied by the foreigners, though it was held for a considerable time by the Italian soldiers, who surpassed all others in acts of wanton vandalism and destruction. There is a marble pagoda here which was covered with innumerable figures; these were knocked down and their heads broken off, or else the figures stabbed with bayonets. The beautifully carved woodwork, however, which the soldiers also destroyed, has been replaced, and likewise the mirrors and the large polished plate-glass windows. The cleanliness and good order in which everything is kept is remarkable.

It is in truth a summer palace. Terrace above terrace rises with carved white marble balustrades fronting the dwelling apartments, and behind the great windows are ranged ornaments in green and white jade, lapis lazuli, porcelain, bronze, and cloisonné. The Emperor's apartments are behind and beyond the audience-chamber, looking out on the lake; and below them, on the left, are the bathhouses. Here there were three steam-launches and several barges. The guests got on board the latter, and then the launches towed them round the lake. Probably the most curious craft that is to be seen on any water in the world is there—a white marble boat with light marble pillars holding up a marble roof, the whole richly carved and shining with dazzling brightness in the sunshine. The surface of the lake was rippling all over to a fresh breeze, which was probably raising clouds of choking dust in the streets of Peking. New views of the palace up the hillside on the right were obtained crossing the lake. At its further end is a very pretty summer-house, shaded by old trees, which, if they could speak, might well relate tales of palace romances worth the hearing. Some of the people landed there and strolled about to examine two or three quaint little pagodas. Throughout the palace there are innumerable clocks, five in the summer-house alone. After returning to the bathhouse, tea, cigarettes, and cigars were served again, and then there was much bowing and shaking of hands and elaborate leavetaking. The tall hats were changed in the waiting-room, and the visitors set out on their journey back to Peking.



# A SORRENTO SALT SMUGGLER



"He lacks prudence, or he would never lean upon that balustrade to catch the draught from the sea"

By Frank Savile

Illustrated by George Gibbs

**H**OT? AY, SIGNOR—hot as Purgatory. You know our saying? 'When the Sirocco blows, murder's no crime.' And this morning I would cut my own brother's throat for one cool gust. Business? Nay, Eccellenza, who can want silken caps or olive-wood canes to-day? Not a visitor stirs save the Signor himself. Business for business weather, say I. Here I get the little airs that tingle up from the water, and the gray shadow of the cliff. And now the condescension of my Signor's company. What is left to me to desire?

"A trabuco? Grateful thanks, Eccellenza. It is never too hot to smoke. Look you—it warms in winter and cools in summer. But a trabuco now—it seldom comes my way. A Porta Rica? Yes—on the festivals. But a real cigar—a blunderbuss—not often, Signor, not often. Luck waked me this morning.

"A city of the dead? The Eccellenza has said it. Not a soul in view save the carabinieri, and they on the shady side of the street alone. Duty calls them? One must suppose it, yet what can be their duties to-day? For me—they might hang me high among the oranges on the instant. I should waste no sweat on struggles. None will stir to evil-doing while the Sirocco lasts.

"A handsome man—Michele? Ay, Signor—handsome as a god. And 'tis not an unbecoming uniform. Mark the set of his shoulders. Seven years' drill has straightened them, and seven years' discipline has left its signature on his face. But still he lacks prudence, or he would never lean upon that balustrade to catch the draught from the sea. That rail is rotten as an over-ripe melon. One little push now—

"San Sebastian! look, too, who is crouching there. Who? Who but Tommaso, Eccellenza—Tommaso, the blind beggar. Ah, if he knew now—if he but knew. There would be a spring, a struggle, and one or both making a fine splash in the green coolness down below!

"Why? The Signor has lived in Sorrento these months and not heard the story of Tommaso's fate? Dear Saints! it is we who never gossip. Tell it you? With pleasure—'twill pass the nooning famously. A pint of Capri? The Eccellenza piles up his charities. Truly, it is parching work to wag the tongue these days. Faleri's osteria? I know no better place, Signor. Their cellars are forty feet deep in the cliff.

"Take a good look at him as we pass. Saw you ever anything more frightful outside a lazar-house? And five years ago, Signor, five short years ago, he was brutal-looking if you will, but accounted the handsomest man between this and Naples!

"He begs—he lives on the alms of the charitable. Many a one gives with a shudder and a face turned away, not knowing that his soul is as his face—devil-marked. Look you now—look you! Is there a more loathly sight beneath the sky?

"Ah, that cools, Signor—cools and warms at the same time—cools my parched throat and warms my dullard brain. I must goad my drowsy memory to give the matter in ordered fashion. Pietro! Pietro! Come you here, rascal! We concern ourselves of Tommaso. Sit you down, and what I omit do you remind me of. In very familiarity I may forget all I should remember.

"You know of the Salt Law—the Monopoly, Eccellenza? No? I wish we had cause to know as little. The Government guards it—guards the sale of salt as its own right—jealously, exclusively. Does a woman bring up her bucket filled from the sea? Scarcely has her charcoal begun to glow before a carabinieri is in her kitchen. Let brine be found boiling—a taste is evidence enough—and comes swiftly fine or imprisonment. Why? For the tiny pinch of salt that is left in the bottom of the crock! Outrageous? You have said the word, Signor. Our children grow up rickety to find the blood tax for Abyssinia. But so it is, and as we

find the laws we keep them—or break them. Tommaso was one who broke them. Not now and again, as my own wife might, when she has seen the carabinieri safely off upon the Castellammare road, and the beach is clear, but professionally, on a large scale, as a regular business. He boiled enough to supply all Sorrento—ay, and half Naples, if he had had the mind to.

"Cunning? Surely, but luck was with him, too. You know how our cliffs are honeycombed with winding passages and wells. I will wager that there are twice as many more still unknown. That was Tommaso's house, Signor, see you—that one where the gable end peeps out of the orange grove, and his garden comes to the very verge of the crag.

"Vetturino he was—livery-keeper, driving tourists along the cliff road all the season long, and making money at it—ay, in bushels. But not with his horses alone. Salt—that was the foundation of his fortune, and from what one learned afterward it must have been nothing less than the earthquake itself that gave him the idea. The Eccellenza remembers the eruption of seven years ago, when Vesuvius boiled away like a great salting pan itself? Ay, a shrewd shock, though not as bad here as for the poor wretches in Torre del Greco and Massa.

"'Twas thus, Signor. The travelling earth must have loosened the masonry above a secret passage in Tommaso's stable. How do we know it? From what we discovered later, Eccellenza, but if I tell you much of that I shall be putting the cart before the horse. Enough to say that it must have been so, and that the steps he found leading down into the darkness that night led him into such a secret chamber of the rock as would have made the veriest bungler at salt smuggling lick his lips.

"A lofty cavern it was, spacious, airy, secret—ay, secret as the grave. But it had more than this to recommend it. In the centre of its chalk floor, still, smooth, and deep, was a pool, and that it was of sea water his tongue told him quickly enough. And there you see his splendid luck.

"Not only could he set up his pans, and boil away day or night as much or as little as he thought well, but the means to do it flowed in to his feet. No more lowering of whitened lines down the cliff on moonless nights—no more leathern buckets muffled in flannel. Here he could set up pans by the dozen and fill them brimful at his ease, and none could have suspicion save his charcoal merchant, who would rejoice over his swelling bills and keep a still tongue in his head in consequence.

"There was only one drawback to the hiding-place, and that one scarcely worth considering. At the far side of the cave a slope of broken rubble led up to a narrow opening whence the evening breeze came whispering in. No doubt Tommaso must have scratched his head as he felt the draught, for he could have remembered no opening in the cliff wall. Yet for all that there was one, and quickly enough he found out where. Mark you now, Eccellenza, can you spy a crack in the point that shadows the cliff beneath the garden there? Would you think that a cave opening? No—nor would any one. It looks but a crevice—a splintering of the stone under the hammering of winter winds and surf. But it hides an opening—an opening that no man can see from above, from below, or even from far out upon the water save with a powerful glass. So Tommaso was not put out by the discovery. In fact he doubtless reflected that it would be no bad thing to have a vent for his charcoal fumes, and fresh air for himself.

"Well, Signor, after that there was no holding Tommaso. He had fifteen pans down there in the cave—fifteen aglow and sputtering five nights in every six. He undersold every smuggler in the

country-side. He boasted; he swaggered; his drinking bouts rose from one a fortnight to four or more a week. The whole village admired, wondered, envied. The carabinieri gnawed their fingers with rage. No one had the faintest suspicion of how it

was done. Finally Tommaso put the roof on all this grandeur. He went up the steep lane that ends at the calvary, stopped at the little cottage in the olive grove, and thundered on old Emanuele Bianchi's door.

"The old man welcomed him—grovelled to him. The story of Tommaso's wealth was well abroad by now, and the old scoundrel would have sold his chance of heaven—a poor one at the best—to call the smuggler son-in-law. That was a fact, Signor, that Tommaso was well aware of.

"Margarita Bianchi—Eccellenza, I am a married man, and if I said what I thought of her, Pietro there would betray me. One word just describes her. She was luscious—luscious as the grapes with the dawn bloom upon them. Her eyes—her hair— But I am an old man, Signor, a very old man, and she has been married these five years or more. Enough that she was desirable, and that Tommaso desired her more than anything else that money could buy. That it would buy her he had never a doubt.

"He put it to her father, as I have heard, in his stupid, brutal way, as if he were chaffering for a mule. 'I want her,' he said, waving his hand to where they could see the girl plucking lettuce in the garden. 'I want her, and am willing to put down a fair sum. What are your terms, Emanuele, if I take her to wife?'

"The old man was a coward, but avaricious as a Jew. He met the offer as it was made. He tried to bargain.

"There are many suitors," said he. 'Michele, the carabinieri—'

"Curse him!" shouted Tommaso. 'Curse him and you, too! What has a beggarly policeman to offer against me—me who could buy him body and soul twenty times over!'

"The pension—' began Bianchi, but Tommaso jumped up with an oath, and with such a scowling face that the old villain withered back into his chair as if the plague had struck him.

"The devil take you and your pensions!" spluttered Tommaso, when mere blasphemy began to fail him. 'No more of your chafferings, you old extortioner. You know me, Emanuele, and what I am worth. The day I marry your daughter I will pay you two thousand lire. Now see that you put this matter through for me, or I will take her without your help and kick you into the gutter!'

"Old Bianchi smiled evilly as he promised to do his utmost, but he mouthed hints that his daughter might have her own opinions on the subject. Tommaso brushed them aside. Mother of God! was he not the richest and the handsomest man in Sorrento? What was a policeman to him?

"There, you see, Signor, he overlooked two very important matters. The first was that Margarita detested him: the second that she truly loved Michele. And thereby he came to grief—such unutterable grief that he roams the streets faceless, as you saw, and begs his bread from passers-by.

"Yet they worried the poor girl terribly between them—Tommaso and her old ruffian of a father. Bianchi used—so I have heard—more than words for arguments, while the smuggler bore himself like a Turk trafficking for a slave. But for all their cruelties—at first, at any rate—she defied the pair of them.

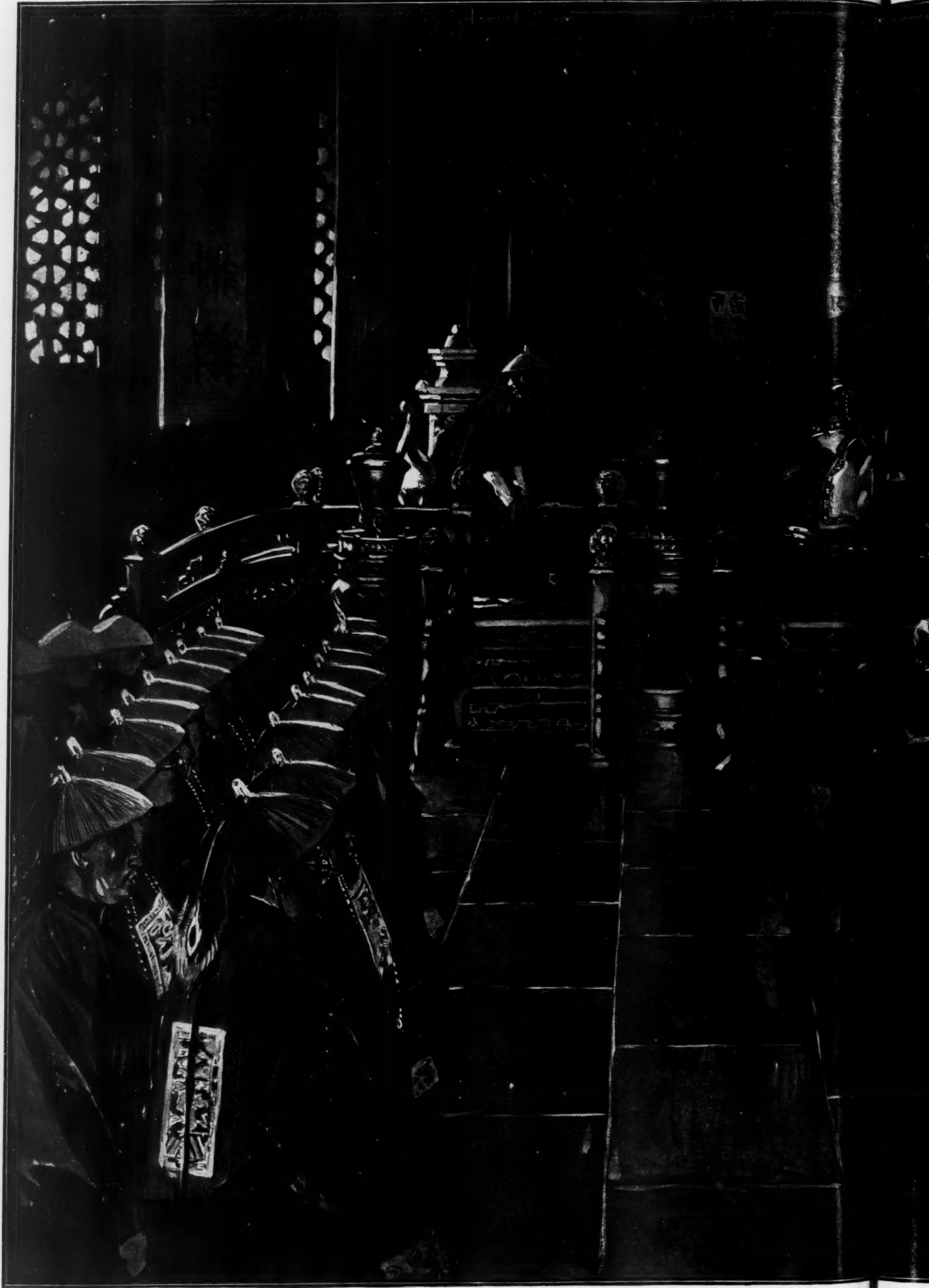
"Then after a week or two she showed a sudden change. People thought she had been worn down by their persecutions; but who, Eccellenza, shall plumb the guile of a woman? Margarita had made up her mind to marry Michele, and none other. But there were other embarrassments beside her father and Tommaso. Regulations did not permit the carabinieri's marriage while he was still below the rank of sergeant. And promotion was not due—at earliest—for over a year. But special services merit special promotions. No reward would be too high for the man who captured, with good evidence, the leading salt smuggler of Sorrento. And so with this cunning in her heart she played with Tommaso, partly in policy, and partly—Heaven send I do not libel her—because she enjoyed lording it over the great hulk of a man and fooling him to her heart's content.

"Thus it came to pass that one afternoon about three weeks after Tommaso's first visit to the little cottage in the olive grove, she and her father were bidden to the house on the cliff, to inspect it with a view to Margarita's taking up her residence there at an early date not yet fixed.

"The little flirt! How she played with Tommaso



"THE LITTLE FLIRT! HOW SHE PLAYED WITH TOMMASO!"



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REIGNING MINISTERS IN THE THRONE ROOM OF THE SUMMER PALACE

URNISHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PEKIN.—SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 8

that day! How she gulled him! She flitted about his garden; she picked his flowers; she plucked his finest nespoli—the ones he grew for market—she behaved herself like some naughty, pilfering butterfly, and Tommaso, infatuated man, let her take what and where she willed. She smiled approval of all his possessions. She even went into his stable and patted his old scarecrows of horses, and she made him quiver with the desire of appropriating her till he scarcely knew if he stood upon his head or on his heels. Well, well, Eccellenza—her mother was of Anacapri. On the top of that great rock they are strange folk. When the British garrisoned it fourscore years ago it was with an Irish regiment, and 'tis an old scandal—the Anacaprese have gray eyes yet.

"Old Emanuele discreetly retired into the shade and closed his eyes to these wantonings, and when Margarita was tired of running about she sat down upon the cliff edge and swung her feet over the wall. There she sat and chattered away to Tommaso as if opposition to his wishes was the last thing in her mind.

"Of course, Signor, you see the object of all this affability. She meant to discover the secret of Tommaso's brine factory, and as her search had been unrewarded, she meant to drag the information from the man himself. So she sat, and swung her pretty feet, and pondered on ways of leading up to the subject.

"Chance was good to her. As she leaned over the verge and pelted the nespoli cores at the ripples she dilated her little nostrils once or twice. She turned suddenly upon Tommaso, who was gaping at her with stupid adoration.

"Charcoal?" she exclaimed, "I smell the fumes of charcoal?"

"The smuggler turned as red as the sunset and swore a mighty oath.

"Some careless dog of a night fisher has emptied his ashes on the beach," he growled, and led the way back to the house at once, muttering into his beard. Margarita, noting his confusion, had her suspicions aroused at once. Nor did she forget to notice that the beach below was scarce a yard wide—there is none at all when the wind sets from the south—and that it dropped away quickly into deep water where no night fisher would be likely to use a spear or overset a grid. She told Michele all about it before she was twenty-four hours older.

"The carabinieri got a couple of hours' leave next day, stripped off his uniform, and spent the time rocking in a small boat below the cliffs, fishing, apparently, for smelts. He had a good glass and he swept every inch of the crag beneath Tommaso's house. It was not so very long before he discovered what no one had suspected before—the secret of the opening in the rift of the rock.

"Michele is no fool, Signor, as many a man sweltering in chains over there in Procida has found to his cost. It took him but little time to put two and two together and to understand that the secret brine factory was in the heart of the rock. The question was how to get there unknown to the owner and so catch him in the act. He took Margarita into consultation.

"Any evening of the week you have your chance," she said. "He told my father that he was no night bird—that he was between the blankets always before ten."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the carabinieri, who knew something of Tommaso and his habits. "The model young man! and I dare swear he drinks no more than the one glass of Gragnano after he has supped. What a husband for thee, sweetheart! Take him while thou hast the chance!"

"Margarita nestled up against his arm.

"Nay, Michele mine," she whispered, "this is no matter for laughter. Think of the bounty—and the promotion. If thou capturest him we might be wed."

"Michele bent to meet her lips.

"Of a surety, little one. But the hare is not yet caught, and behold we cook him. Canst not wait the year, heart's heart?" and, telling and answering all the little toys that lovers use—I am old, Eccellenza, and these luscious phrases slip the memory—they strolled down the fern-clad cobbles through the moonlight.

"Now smoking in the shadow of the highest station of the cross upon the calvary sat Tommaso and saw them pass. I know not what thoughts rose in his heart, Signor, or how he managed to quell his natural passions, which must have been goading him to fall upon Michele there and then. Perchance he knew too well the strength of his arm. A couple of years before the carabinieri had tripped him, handcuffed him, and shot him into the prison there, and all within ten minutes. This because Tommaso was whirling a knife a bit too freely in this very house one evening. So perhaps, ruffian as he was, he had learned a little self-control. One thing, though, is certain, Signor. From that moment Tommaso gave thought to little else than the compassing of Michele's death. How near chance brought him opportunity you shall hear.

"Michele took his comrade, Andrea Spaltro, into his confidence. They chose a dark night, noiselessly entered Tommaso's garden, and let fall a knotted rope over the cliff edge. Down this Michele lowered himself hand by hand.

"As luck would have it—and by the saints, Eccellenza, she is a tricky jade—at that very moment Tommaso happened to be mending his fires before getting off to bed. As he raked the charcoal together he suddenly heard little pattering sounds coming from the seaward mouth of the cave. He ran up the rubble slope.

"A rope was hanging past the entrance and little chips of chalk came clattering from above. The cord trembled to and fro, and there was a growing sound of the slide of something heavy. He had hardly time to collect his wits and consider these things duly before a dark body slipped swiftly down into the open space before the rift, and Michele's face was distinct against the starlight glimmer on the sea.

"Mad with passion and surprise, Tommaso drew his knife and struck at the carabinieri, snarling with rage and hate. His fury thwarted his purpose. In his excitement he missed his man, but shore through the swinging rope. With a desperate twist as he fell, Michele managed to grip the edge of the crevice at Tommaso's feet. There he hung by his fingers alone,

while above him the smuggler stared down as if fascinated, the evil smiles broadening across his sullen face. For the moment he made no effort to touch his enemy.

"When life and love are young, Signor, they catch at any chance to outwit death. Hanging over the gulf by his fingers, Michele pleaded in an agonized whisper for pity. He dared not shout to his comrade above. Well he knew that the first cry would be the signal for Tommaso to kick his already weakening grasp from its hold.

"The other waited a full minute before he moved. Then with a sudden snatch he caught up the severed cord that had fallen at his feet, looped it over Michele's



"MICHELE LOWERED HIMSELF HAND BY HAND"

wrists, and dragged him up into safety. Then he dashed his head against the cliff wall, stunning him into insensibility.

"He tucked the senseless body under his arm, strode down the incline of rubble, and shot Michele down beside the salting pans. With the rest of the rope he pinioned him, waist and ankle, till he had him as stark as a bambino.

"Twas no sweet awakening for the carabinieri, Signor, when his senses fluttered back to him. Bound, helpless, at the mercy of the most malignant ruffian in all the country-side, what hope had he? He could only stare at Tommaso silently, and pray for rescue to Mary ever Piteous, and even she, he could but feel, had all her work cut out for her. It was Tommaso who broke the silence.

"'Welcome, buen' amico,' he chuckled with an evil sneer, 'welcome to my poor hospitality!' and with that he shook the ashes of the cigar he had lighted upon Michele's face. 'If I had been out now, when you called, what a desolation for me!' he went on, and the echoes tossed his laugh from wall to wall.

"I have it from Michele's own lips, Eccellenza, that at that moment his heart was water within him. No tiniest pinnacle of hope seemed left to poise his courage on, yet he managed to keep his features firm and resolute.

"Your house is surrounded, Tommaso," said he. "My comrades know where I have gone, and you hold me bound at your peril. If they break in to find me harmed you will go back to Procida—forever, this time," for the smuggler had suffered penal servitude for assassination before this, Signor.

"So the cock crows yet!" soliloquized Tommaso. Michele, my ingenious friend, you lie, as I have very good reasons for knowing. If you had discovered the real entrance to this cave of mine you would not have entered it the way you did. If your comrades like to follow you, they shall share your welcome. For the present they have my good leave to wait. And look you here, best of friends, if the whole Italian army was thundering on my door it would not turn me one inch from my purpose. So don't trouble to ask life of me. Before the hour is over you will be asking death as the sweetest boon I can grant you. Ponder that, my cavalier!" and he shot out his boot and kicked the poor bound wretch upon the face.

"Words to make the boldest tremble—these, Signor, for Tommaso's devilish passions were known all too well. But Michele kept his wits. He tried to argue.

"There is no advantage in being braggart as well as fool, Tommaso," he began, but the other gave him no chance to continue. For the second time he swung his heavy boot, and this time full upon the carabinieri's lips. It silenced him all too curtly.

"Plead to the rocks, amico," he answered malignantly, 'you'll find them easier to entreat than me. Listen, you—for a moment. You found Margarita's kisses sweet, did you not, and her circling arms were warm? By God's Mother, you shall have a more passionate clasp to-night! You knew she was promised to me—you knew that, yet you stole her, and laughed over the easy theft, I doubt not. But by every saint in heaven you shall steal no life from me. Nay—flinch not. Listen—ay, listen. Look you there—mark you the largest salting pan—the shallowest one? That is your couch to-night—there, ever so gently, I shall lay you to rest, and there, slowly—ah, so slowly—you will fall to your last sleep. The brine will eat you—swallow you—seethe you. By all the fiends!' and Tommaso gloated over his victim as a snake gloats over a broken-winged bird—'by all the fiends, Michele, 'tis a noble revenge!"

"Can you conceive a fouler scoundrel, Eccellenza, and heard you ever a more devilish device? Was it wonderful that Michele, as he himself has told me, shrieked aloud as Tommaso's grip closed upon him, and he felt himself borne to that hideous fate? He writhed, he wrestled, he bit—bound as he was he struggled astoundingly, desperately, but to no purpose. And then, indeed, the Blessed Mother herself must have heard his prayers, for it was a miracle and no less that saved him.

"As Tommaso swung him up and for one instant held him poised over the sputtering, milk-white scum, the poor wretch thrust out his bound ankles and jostled frantically away from the torture that boiled up to seize him. All unknowingly he struck them against the surface of the brine and sent a sheet of scalding spray against Tommaso's face.

"With a shriek that might have come from all the crowded throats of Purgatory, the smuggler dropped his prisoner and staggered back across the cavern. He bellowed aloud; he dashed himself against the rock; he swore hideously; he clinched his hands across his tortured eyes as if he would tear them from the sockets. Still roaring, he stooped and began to feel his way toward the pool in the centre of the cave. Michele realized that—for the moment—the man was blind.

"He himself had fallen beside the banked furnace of charcoal—the cinders were scorching his face. He rolled over to get beyond the reach of their sting, and then, with a sudden impulse, rolled swiftly back again. No flames licked out of the heap, but here and there a red rift showed where the fire burned in its core. He thrust his bound wrists into the glowing smolder, and held them there while his lips went white and the perspiration flowed from his body's agony. You see his plan, Eccellenza? He would burn the bonds from his living flesh!"

"Then Tommaso rose. Snarling curses, he began to pick his way by touch across the floor, spreading out his hand to catch the edge of the pans before he stumbled against them. And Michele's cords still held!

"First Tommaso's fingers fell upon the surface of a steaming lake of brine. He cursed and stumbled back. His foot touched Michele and his hands followed all too rapidly where his foot had led. He gripped the carabinieri by the roasted wrists that the other was frantically levering apart. And at that moment the charred cords strained, quivered, and burst with a twang like a cello string.

"Whirling round as Tommaso's grip closed on him, Michele shot out his fist and struck the smuggler on the seared eyebrow. The fellow gave a howl of pain and rage—such a vengeful roar as Beelzebub himself might have voiced when he was flung from heaven to lowest hell. He threw himself upon Michele like a mastiff at the worry. There, across the floor of that dark cave, the two rolled in panting fury, the one fighting for life and the other for vengeance, and the sound of their fierce breathing rasped into the silences. They tore at each other; they bit; they snatched at each other's flesh like wildcats. Chest to chest, they thw, they hugged each other, convulsive, desperate, mad with their passion, while for five desperate minutes neither held the advantage. For if one was blind, the other's lower limbs were bound. Then with unexpectedness the end came.

"Tommaso made a supreme effort. He staggered

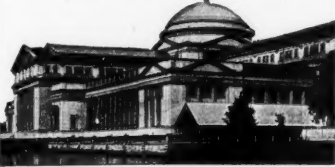


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to his feet, and Michele, unable to rise alone or to let go, clung to him. The smuggler, lifting his knee, doubled it back upon his own body, and, suddenly thrusting it out, flung Michele off. He fell upon the stones with a thud, half stunned. But the very effort was Tommaso's undoing.

"Unable to restrain a stumble as the resistance of Michele's grip ceased, he lurched forward. The edge of the largest brine pan took his knees. He swayed—he caught at the air—sought to steady himself in vain.

"There was a crash, and as he plunged forward into the heart of the brine, a spout of dazzling spray leaped up to envelop him as with a garment. Then with a thunderous clatter the pan upset, tossing him upon the glowing embers, and a cloud of hissing steam hid all from Michele's horrified eyes. He fainted, and for a space knew nothing.

"Eccellenza, the end of the story, as you see, is written large upon Tommaso's face. When Michele came to himself and had unbound his ankles, he managed to drag the smuggler from the half-quenched cinders on which he lay. He found the secret way to the stable, summoned his comrade Andrea, and with him bore the disfigured heap of carrion up into the house.

"They say, Signor, that his features came away from him like a mask when the fearful scalds healed. But that was not for months after. The Government seized his property to meet the heavy fines due for his contraband trade, but in mercy forbore criminal prosecution for his attack on Michele. In truth, Eccellenza, no punishment could equal that which his own acts had brought him. Penniless, living on unwilling alms, a sight to poison the sweet air of heaven, no more heavily afflicted wretch breathes on earth.

"Michele? There you see him, Signor—the gallant, well-set-up sergeant, for the affair brought promotion in its train. Margarita? Who but his wife; and the two chubby, slee-eyed rascals playing at the cliff foot are their children. Nay, Signor, no thanks are due for the telling of a simple tale. 'Tis an honor and a pleasure, too. Another bottle? The Eccellenza is as generous as he is amiable. What say you, Pietro? Will you join me in drinking his munificent health? Luck send us your bountiful company again!"

## A Song of Lovelace

By Theodosia Garrison

Love made this earth a garden spot

Where maidens grow as flowers;

Methinks man hath no fairer task

Than strolling mid the bowers;

'Tis his within its blooms to bask

Or pluck from out the rest

One rose to flaunt within his cap

Or hide upon his breast.

Love made this earth a fragrant grove—

As birds the maidens are

With each her own fair song of love

To call her mate afar.

And deaf to music would he prove

Who would not choose him one

Who sings the song that glads him best

And sings to him alone.

Then sing heigh ho, but Love is good

Who wrought so fair a plan;

These buds and birds of womanhood

To glad the life of man.

So gallants choose in merry mood

For soon comes Winter's gloom

When never bird may sing for us

And never blossom bloom.

## A New Use for Pups

AN ITALIAN expert in the art of shining shoes has been arrested in Atlantic City for using fox-terrier puppies as a part of his polishing kit. Despite his protest that the process did not hurt the dogs, he was fined, and the luckless objects of his alleged cruelty taken from him. Strips of flannel are usually employed to give the finishing gloss of the perfect "patent-leather polish," or "oil shine," producing a scintillating effect pleasing both to the operator and the customer. The Italian artist of Atlantic City, seeking to triumph over competition, and improve on the routine system of polishing, seized a new idea and a fox-terrier pup, simultaneously. The experiment was a success, the dog survived it, and the demands of trade necessitated the employment of several pups, in order to avoid wearing out the original victim. The system involved clutching the dog firmly by the neck and hind legs, and drawing him to and fro across the expanse of leather. The Italian martyr, in the conflict between progress and conservatism, said in his defence: "No hurda da pup. Oil in da skin good for da leather, maka da gran shine. Fine business."

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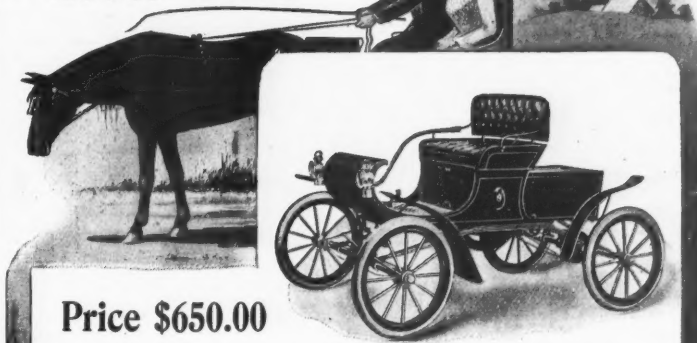
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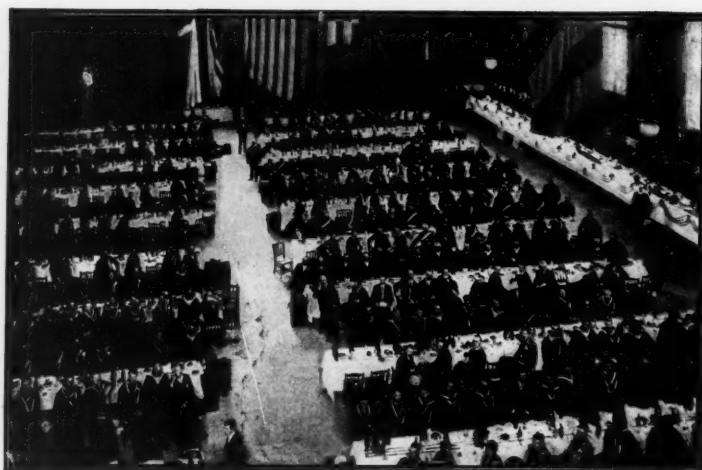
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Luncheon Given to Eight Hundred American Sailors and Marines by the Mayor of Portsmouth

## The Kearsarge at Portsmouth

By Frederick Palmer, Special Correspondent for Collier's Weekly

THE difference was palpable. At Kiel the Emperor majestically welcomed our squadron, at Portsmouth Great Britain welcomed it. In one port everything came from the top, in the other hospitalities were from all classes. Granted that we are courted for our power, then the hearty way in which we are courted in England is relatively what a home dinner is to an elaborate reception.

Portsmouth was sending victorious squadrons to sea when the Venetian Republic was in its prime and the Spanish were making their first overseas conquests. Other powers have risen and fallen, while she has gone on building and equipping ships and training sailors who kept the island free of invasion. On the wall of one of the old inns is a plaque, saying that Nelson spent his last hours there before embarking for the tour of duty which ended with Trafalgar, and out in the harbor courts-martial are still held in the cabin of his flagship, the *Victory*, whose wooden walls are in sight of gigantic steel cranes and all the surroundings of a modern naval depot. Comparatively, Kiel is as new as an Oklahoma town, with the accompanying vigor of youth. Portsmouth has to protest nothing, her prestige is omnipresent in the relics of her past, which you see on all hands. She is a host, with the grace and ease of age, who is still putting up new buildings and improvements on her estate. It would scarcely occur to her that she could be wrong in any matter of naval etiquette, because she made naval etiquette. With this tradition in view, it was the fact that the hosts took so much for granted as being due to their guests, and did all without any flourishes or insistence of their hospitality, that gave the proceedings, both official and unofficial, their charm.

To the presence of the *Kearsarge* were attached two points of sentimental interest to

diplomats. They are great believers in deeds. If the officers of the Civil War period had another tale to tell, those of this period will be equally slow to forget the kindnesses which in the last five years the British service has shown to ours in many ways.

No suggestion could have come from the Admiralty for those private invitations—having instead of the official seal that of genuine welcome—which were literally piled high in our officers' staterooms. To have accepted all would have kept the squadron in Portsmouth for three months. To one who has just crossed the Channel, the thing which hangs in the memory is the recognition of the fact that there were others than commissioned officers aboard our ship. Considering that nothing was done by the maritime city of New York for the crews of the *Olympia* or the victorious *Santiago* squadron, I am inclined to recommend Sir William Dupree, the Mayor of Portsmouth, and the city government, as an example which might be followed at home. Portsmouth knows that it is no entertainment to a guest who wears his trousers wide at the bottom to march him up and down and review him—the cheapest and the stereotyped way.

The old town made our jacks feel as if they were on a Congressional junketing tour instead of manning a hard-working ship. All one day they were Sir William's personal guests. In the big Connaught drill-hall, eight hundred of them sat down to no pink tea, but to a most filling meal with Britain's most famous beverage to drink and strawberries to top off with. Scattered among them were chosen men from the British service to see that their glasses and their plates were kept full. The Mayor seemed to enjoy the lunch as much as they.



American Sailors Entering the Royal Theatre, Portsmouth, to Attend the Special Performance Given in their Honor

every American who has read his school histories. When her namesake was on this side some forty years ago, the feeling of the United States toward the mother country was bitter, and her mission was not one of peace but one that ended in the destruction of the British-built *Alabama*. Belonging to another era, this *Kearsarge* was peculiarly representative of the American idea. British opinion finds the same old fault with her superposed turrets, as the climax of our method. Yet our victories in the War of 1812 were due entirely to the fact that we carried more guns to the same tonnage than our adversaries. The old *Kearsarge* was lost and the new *Kearsarge* was laid down about the time that the old era of unfriendliness begun by the Civil War was replaced by the new era which began with the Spanish War. Naval officers have more tenacious memories than

When the cigars were lighted, and he toasted his guests, it was with as much dignity as if they were eight hundred admirals. Then, with the band playing, he led them to a performance of "The Lady Slavey," which is not a solemn piece by any means.

To my mind Sir William in frockcoat and high hat, marching at the head of the jacks to the theatre, was more picturesque than the King and President Loubet riding along Piccadilly in a state carriage, with an escort of Life Guards. In a word, Sir William was "all right, you bet."

On the part of the jacks, their good behavior did not proceed from orders but from an innate sense of self-restraint and the fitness of things. Nor was this the only day devoted to them. Something to entertain them was doing every day. Did they fraternize with the British bluejackets? Like college alumni,

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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with the same language for an *alma mater*. "They speak English over here" was the remark passed along the rail the day the *Kearsarge* arrived. In turn, the British sailors were guests aboard the *Kearsarge*. They passed high expert opinion on the superposed turrets, with the candor of the race, and the Americans made spirited defence. But when they went below and saw that our men are as well fed as they are paid, they said that "the double-turret didn't do no 'arm in time of peace anyway." I have dwelt on this hospitality shown to the jacksies because it was the distinctive feature of the visit. It pleased our officers more than any other feature, for no one knows the deserts and the worth of the man behind the gun as well as they. Praise his men and you praise the admiral always.

In two acts of a week each our officers, with Admiral Cotton as the star, have been playing in a continuous gala performance—with an exception which is a part of a seaman's luck. When the commander and his party went up to London to royal entertainments, when the men went ashore to lunch with the Mayor and the Municipal Council, some one, by a hard-and-fast rule of the regulations, had to remain behind to look after the ship, which, while in commission, must never be unmanned for a

single moment. The stay-at-homes among the officers were chosen by lot, among the jacksies by their records. It was a little hard on a "middy" on his first trip to Europe—and "middies" are fitted by their youth and wisdom for enjoying such things—to have to pace the deck alongside a grim-looking pier when he might be attending a state ball or at dinner with the King. But one who passes through Annapolis is made of such stuff, and has such training, that when he draws a blank he can force a smile and wish others the joy of their luck. The executive officer, however, may not even draw lots. He is as much a fixture as the turrets.

There is surely such a thing as killing a man with functions; there is even such a thing as killing a man with kindness, they say. The British have ardently combined the two. It did not seem possible that more could have been done for them if the visit of the French President had not been coincident with the squadron's arrival. For the sake of a change, the squadron is glad that the starring tour is drawing to a close. In the words of an eminent midshipman, "we want to get back to plain every-day work." I know of nothing more American or more characteristic of the navy than that.

LONDON, July 11.

## TRUE STORIES OF TO-DAY

### Haunted by a Spider Farm

TEN YEARS ago, a reporter on the staff of a metropolitan newspaper wrote an elaborate description of a "Spider Farm," as a unique industry located between New York and Philadelphia. The story was an ingenious fabrication, without even a cobweb of fact, evolved from an idea disclosed in the following alleged interview with the alleged "Spider Farmer," a French enthusiast:

"But what money is there in it? you ask. Mon Dieu, I will tell you. A customer comes to me. He is a wine-merchant from New York, and says he has just stocked a cellar

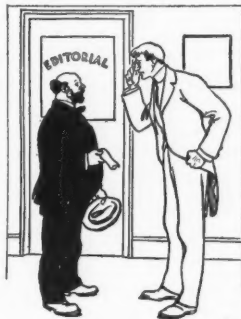
The bottles look new and common: they will not sell for old wine. He has attached to them labels of twenty, thirty, forty years ago—some year of a grand vintage. He tells me so many hundred bottles. I know how many of my pets will soon cover his cellar in cobwebs of the finest kind. Maybe I send three, four hundred spiders. For them I ask half a franc each, ten dollars for each hundred. In two months you would not think his cellar been disturbed this last fifty years. It cost him forty or fifty dollars maybe, but he may sell the wine for one thousand dollars more above what he received without my pets had dressed the bottles in the robes of long ago. The cobwebs drape the bottles, they stretch from cork to cork; it is plain there is great age.

"Perhaps a man has quickly made great rich and must have fine wine-cellar. The parvenu, the nouveau riche, find his cellar has not the look of the real old age, of the long years of gentle rest in the undisturbed dark, n'est ce pas? Then he sends for old Pierre, from New York or Chicago. Ah! I do the grand business in Chicago. Sappiristi, I send him my pets. They work for him. Soon he can take his rich friends in the cellar, and they say, 'Mon Dieu, it is superb, it is magnificent! We give you congratulations, my boy.' Then my spiders stop working for him and do what you call wink the other eye."

The story included also a column or so of description of the methods of breeding and raising these utilitarian spiders, with additional space devoted to the evolution and development of the industry. The reporter needed money, the story was called "a lively Sunday feature," and was illustrated to fill a solid page. He did not expect that it would be taken seriously anywhere. But "Pierre Grantaire" and his "Spider Farm" died hard. They went the rounds of the exchanges, and reappeared at intervals for several years. The "Spider Farm" became the theme of a "scientific note" in a religious weekly, it bobbed up in a new dress as a contribution to the popular natural history of the day, and again paraded as a full-length "feature story" in Western journalism. It crossed the Atlantic and was discussed with ponderous earnestness in a London newspaper. The conscience of the man who hatched the "Spider Farm" troubled him as he saw the phantom materialize years after it deserved a decent burial. He has long since left the newspaper which published this story for him, and had not occasion to think of the accursed "Spider Farm" for several years, until a month ago. The managing editor for the journal which now employs him sent the reporter into the anteroom to see a caller who had a story for sale. The unsuspecting stranger opened the conversation: "I have a rattling good yarn,

absolutely new. An old Frenchman on the road between here and Philadelphia has a spider farm. He's making a fortune out of selling spiders to be used in stocking wine-cellar with cobwebs to age the bottles and improve the value. It's an exclusive story, and I'm sure you'll like it if you will read it over. It's the only spider farm in the world."

The reporter said nothing until the victim was done. Then the weariness of years flamed into rage as he thundered: "I wrote that story for the New York — ten years ago, and you're a cheap thief, for there never was any spider farm. That yarn would hang me to the grave, but you aren't going to bunco anybody with it. If you're not out on the sidewalk in sixteen seconds, I'll have you run in for trying to obtain money under false pretences."



"I have a good yarn . . ."

### The Vision of a Dream

THIS story concerns the manager of a summer stock company which made its money by playing at watering-places. In good weather it made plenty of money; in bad, it made none at all. Three weeks of bad weather almost drowned the company out. There was a big town a little ahead of them, and things began to look as though, if the big town did not come to the rescue with a big audience, the members of the company would have to drift back to New York on their own recognizances.

The morning before their opening matinee in the big town, the weather cleared. It was bright and dry and cool. And this was the more important because the town itself was not so very big, but was the metropolis and gathering-place of a host of little towns connected with it by open trolley-cars. So it seemed to the manager of the company as though all things were working together for good. He took his stand near the door to watch the ticket-box and he had a light heart. And at first, when people did not come, he thought perhaps his watch was fast; and then he thought perhaps people came late to matinees in that town, and it was very slowly that the dreary truth broke in on him—the curtain had gone up on the first act, and the audience was so small it was hardly worth playing to!



He fell asleep

in a rosy, after-dinner vision, and the dream was so real, so vivid, that it seemed to have a claim upon his actual consciousness, so that even in his sleep he knew it was a dream. He looked at the ushers, at the people on the stage, at the vast, excessive audience, and he smiled in bitter triumph to think that he was not deceived by them. "You would be all very fine," he said to them; "you would be about the best thing going, if only you were real!"

Just then the treasurer came into the box and slapped him roughly, awaking him, upon the shoulder. "Isn't this a corking audience?" said the treasurer. "Something happened just outside the town, delayed the trolley-cars, and they all came in together." It was real, after all!



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# THE VAGABOND

By

Frederick Palmer

Author of "The Ways of the Service," Etc.

IN SIX PARTS—PART SIX

Illustrated by HARRISON FISHER



## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PARTS

Young Williams comes to Washington from California with his guardian, Captain Herrick, just before the outbreak of the Civil War. Williams makes an excursion to Lanleyton, to see Miss Volilla Lanley, about whom he has dreamed since boyhood. Scarcely has he arrived, when Southbridge, an ardent Southerner in love with Volilla, appears with the news that Sumter is being bombarded. Williams declares for the North, thus exciting the anger of the other two, though Richard Butler, the young lady's cousin, remains philosophically cool. It is as the captain of a cavalry troop that the Californian returns to Lanleyton. Here he goes through a succession of perils, in the course of them facing the enraged Volilla's revolver. He succeeds, nevertheless, in sketching a map of the surroundings, and then gallops off under a shower of Confederate bullets, to report to General Husted. In an ensuing advance upon the enemy's position, the Lanley house is attacked, the young Captain leading the charge, and Volilla's grandfather is killed. After taking the house, the young Californian establishes his protection over it and escorts Miss Lanley to the Confederate lines. The Captain being suddenly accused of betraying military secrets to her, he sets out for the plantation to ask her to come before General Husted and prove his innocence. After leaving Lanleyton, he and his men encounter a larger body under Southbridge. Williams is wounded, but reaches the house, where he is tended by Volilla. Next day, she rides to the Federal camp, and the slander upon Williams is traced to one Aikens, a former overseer.

## CHAPTER XV

LONG BEFORE the journey was at an end, the surgeon, unused to riding, had no question about his preference for vehicles, on the score of dignity if nothing else. The saving grace of down-East humor which never surrenders to a predicament kept him in favor with his companion. When Folly took a fence and his own horse refused the obstruction, he said:

"We have strict orders not to destroy the enemy's property. I wouldn't like to be court-martialled for breaking that top rail."

So he dismounted and removed not only the top one but four more, as he did in other places.

The old coachman and the stableman met them at the curb, while the venerable Marcus Aurelius stood in the doorway, feeling something of his old-time importance as he told of the condition of the patient. "He jes' woke up an' smile an' say, 'Yo' here wid me all night?' 'No, sah,' I say, 'Missy Lanley was.' At dat, he look like he had a lump o' sugah an' could tas'e him all de way down to his toes. Den he say, 'Is she restin' now?' I say yo' was, t'inkin' dat de bes' way to make him res'. 'Peared jes' like he had 'nothah lump o' sugah.'"

"I'll announce that you are coming," she told the surgeon, impulsively, "so you—you'll not take him by surprise."

It was a poor excuse, as she realized with a stinging in her cheeks before she was at the top of the stairs, when she thought of the knowing turn in the surgeon's mouth and the twinkle in his eyes. In truth, she wanted to tell the sick man the news with her own lips; to enjoy his reception of it as a reward for what it had cost her. That was all, quite all; the same feeling that makes you watch the face of a friend when he opens the box that contains your present.

Entering his room softly, not so much from plan as from the dramatic instinct that is inherent in us all, she found him looking vacantly at the wall. At the same instant that he became conscious of her presence, she spoke in smiling triumph, in the spirit of the swift ride which still thrilled her, the happy news that she had brought. "You are proved innocent! The General sends his love and wishes for a speedy recovery."

She saw his face change, as if morning had flashed out of darkness. "It was you who did this for me!"

Such strength as he could command brought him to his elbow. Then he noticed that she was in her riding-habit, and that there were spatters of mud on her skirt.

"You have been to the Union lines on my account! You have done all this for me!" There was something in the way he spoke the "you" that made her regret his knowledge of the fact. "Now you must rest; you will rest," he added fondly, entreatingly, as if to say that this must precede his speaking of many things.

"Yes. I—I only came to tell you."

She did not want to look into his eyes again; she sought an opportunity to retreat. "And Jimmy and Tim and my Vagabonds? I must know that!"

"All safe. They wait for you."

"And you have brought this good news! You have done all this for me!"

He sank back on the pillow, the two pronouns joined in the refrain of his happiness. She did not wish to hear them repeated again, and hastened out without having mentioned the surgeon at all. While he was with the patient, she was writing a note to Mrs. Bulwer, an imperative note, which she sent with all haste.

When the surgeon returned from the sick-room, he was in high feather.

"Look here, did he ride four miles with that wound?" he asked, breezily. "Or is it an illusion?"

Everything, including his own acts, seemed to speak in the Vagabond's praise, she thought, grudgingly.

"Yes, a good four miles," she replied, almost dismally.

"He's a wonder. That bullet played hide-and-seek all about his ribs. Fortunately, it got tired near the surface. A slit of the skin and it was out. He's terribly weak from loss of blood and fever, but time and careful nursing are all that's needed to do the trick. I know from the marvellous way you have looked after him so far that he will get both."

Thereupon, that Yankee surgeon, who had a way of caring for himself, asked if he might have a cup of coffee. This developed the fact that he had had no breakfast, and, furthermore, that the black cook had begun to prepare one with plantation extravagance as soon as the return of her mistress was announced. At the head of her own table, Volilla made use of her opportunity with the art of an adept.

"I have done something for one of your officers, and now I am going to ask one of your officers to do something for me," she said. "The ride I made this morning was an act of mercy. Promise me that you will not let it be generally known—or anything about his misfortune in coming to an enemy's house."

The surgeon recalled the patient's surprise at seeing him after he had been "announced."

"Why do you smile?" she asked, trying to keep her indignation under.

"I was thinking how fortunate Captain Williams is. Of course, I make only one report—to the General. Not a word to anyone else, believe me."

"You are very good," she replied.

"I don't know about that. The breakfast certainly is. It may be acting through me as an agent." He smiled apologetically at his third egg. "You did exactly the right thing, medicines and compresses both, last night," he went on, changing the subject to a matter that excited his professional admiration. "It was a little surprising—not quite expected, I mean, that you should know."

"One has to know on a big plantation like this," she responded, "or else one wouldn't be doing one's duty. I remember I sat up all night with a slave who was ill in much the same way. So I had a specific experience—isn't that what you call it?"

He looked wonderingly at the great sideboard, the paintings, the slim, regal figure sitting opposite him across the snowy linen, all standing for something with which he was familiar only by reading.

"You sat up all night nursing a slave—a nigger!" he exclaimed, in his honest surprise.

"Oh, yes. I know we don't do such things in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' because Mrs. Stowe was never in the South."

"And you—did you read 'Uncle Tom's?'"

"Yes, as much as I could. Cousin Richard read it clear through, smiling all the time. My grandfather read two chapters and threw it into the grate. But let's not talk of that. You feel very strongly and we feel very strongly, and the talking time, as Richard says, is over, isn't it?"

As she diverted the conversation into other channels, she was as unexpectant of any unfriendly interruption as he. More than once, the difficulty of Southbridge's inevitable appearance had occurred to her among more pressing thoughts, and she had told herself that she must be on the lookout for him and find a way to keep the knowledge of the Vagabond's presence from him. When she heard the clank of his scabbard on the hall-floor, she knew that there was no way of escaping a scene, and she awaited his entrance stoically. First, he caught a glint of the surgeon's gilt on a background as blue to him as ever red was red to a bull, and his hand sprang to his holster; then he saw who sat at the other end of the table—saw her acting the host to a Yankee, and a blank stare was followed by an explosive: "Sir!"

The surprised surgeon looked from the big cavalryman to his hostess, as much as to signify that she had his credentials.

"Good-morning, Jefferson," she said, affably, rising. "Let me introduce Captain Langholm, who is on an errand of mercy."

The surgeon rose, but Southbridge did not come a step nearer.

"You may breakfast in a patriot house, sir," he said, "but I assure you, you will sleep in a patriot prison."

"If the lodging is as good as the fare, I should not mind, except for your company," the surgeon clicked back; for he was not made of putty.

This was the match to the hot-tempered Southbridge. He drew his revolver, and so did the Federal. There might have been an exchange of shots if Volilla had not stepped between them.

"This is my house, Jefferson. A Virginian is the last to interfere with another's hospitality," she said, simply; and her remark made shame muffle his rage.

Without any protest except a dogged shrug of his shoulders, he withdrew.

Leaving her guest to care for still another egg, which he proceeded to do nonchalantly—possibly it was a relief to him to meet the kind of Confederate he had read about—she closed the door into the hall and was alone with Southbridge. Her instinct told her that the direct road was the safest and best. Without any suggestion of a certain other story, she related how Langholm happened to be in the house, trusting to her tact, frail weapon that she feared it was, to accomplish the rest.

"We have hospitals, we have surgeons," he said, his animus overwhelming him again. "He was my legitimate prisoner; I rode back and found him gone."

"Yes, just so. You fail to recognize the joke on yourself. You deserted him and now he's mine," she said, laughing.

"Because one Yankee forges and gets another into trouble, are we going to help the other out? Because he is wounded, is he specially immune from the laws of war?"

"No, Jefferson, he's on neutral ground. I am bound to be indebted to no Federal. I am paying him back for his generosity and kindness when his company protected this house. You have always been welcome here. Your regiment carries the flag I made. Now I'm going to ask a favor in return. This house must be a sanctuary for this man until he is well."

"There is something more—something between you. Your head has been turned. You—you are infatuated!" he cried, and bent over her almost threateningly.

Then she became quite confident of attaining her object. She threw back her head and took her time for a trilling laugh of ridicule.

"Infatuated!" Her tongue played with the word as if it were a ball of variegated colors. "If I were, do you think I'd have told you he was here? Don't you suppose I would have gone at once to the Union lines to save him? Infatuated with a California miner!"

Of a sudden she grew earnest. "Infatuated with a Yankee! You—you thought that of me!" she cried, in most sincere offence.

In one of her moments of splendor, she had given him again a glimpse of the value of the prize he hoped to win. He seized her hand and kissed it.

"You forget that I live for you! I can not wait! I must know! I formed the Virginia Firsts for you. I lead them for you. I shall win victories for you."

The big man with challenge beating out of his eyes a moment before had become abject. Yet, serious as



"I WON'T FALL OFF AGAIN, OLD FELLOW!"



he was, he could not help speaking with an age-gone grandiloquence.

She drew her hand away. "Remember your promise! Not again till the war is over. Your duty is not that of courtier now, but soldier." He stiffened in compliance with a bargain that he had agreed to. "There is another thing that made me kind to him for your sake," she said. "You would scarcely want anything but an open field against him, I know."

He bristled at this suggestion, ingeniously put. "He seemed to think it a personal fight. When he was wounded, he said that he called 'Sabre to sabre' to you and you fired at him with your revolver." She wanted to make all the points she could, in justification. "It was war, not a duel," he said. "But I remember—he did say that! If he makes it a personal matter, I will express my regrets. I want no odds from any Yankee!"

In the sway of this passion, he parted from her. He fully intended to keep to his word as he ascended the stairs. It was the Vagabond's smile, after his surprise had passed, that deterred him—a smile of amusement, in face of the fact that he was probably a prisoner again, at the plume in the gentleman's hat, his long, curling mustache, his knotted silk sash, and his gala appearance in general.

"When you are well!" was all that Southbridge could say, tapping the hilt of his sabre.

"Yes, when I am well, with pleasure," was the quiet reply, sharper-pointed than the surgeon's knife.

## CHAPTER XVI

THE VAGABOND had the fleeting, whimsical impression that it was very good of Southbridge to wait, and then, in the exhaustion from the surgeon's operation and in the sweet consciousness of the great news she had brought, he slept.

When he awoke, the afternoon was waning. In the clearer vision which his rest had given him, he began to review the events since his meeting with Southbridge on the road. His sense of proportion was drowned in shame, which began with the realization that his enemy had overcome him; which increased as his memory picked up scattered sayings and doings. Convinced that he had talked much while she ministered to him overnight, he tried in vain to recall more than the tenor of what he had said.

"I whined, I explained, I made excuses," he thought.

Neither scowling, nor staring vacantly at the wall, nor drumming his fingers, would bring more than this concrete example of his humiliation: that he had whimpered—to use his own word—about Southbridge taking his sabre, and she had appeased the little boy by bringing his plaything. Afterward, as before, all was a blank.

"Oh, you baby! you baby!" he told himself. "You aren't fit to be out of skirts yet, and you presume to command a company of grown men like the Vagabonds!"

Marcus Aurelius, making the last of many excursions on tiptoe to see if the patient was awake, now appeared.

"Well, sah," he said, "yo' eyes is pretty bright an' so's yo' prospec's ef yo' keeps yo' sangfraw, sah. Dere's nothin' like sangfraw, sah"—a most dubious suggestion to one who was barely out of danger.

"And cold water, too, Marcus. I feel too sticky for words. A sponge and a basin, and the cleaner I am, the higher I'll put you in the list of immortals."

With a positive grace, the old fellow bathed the feeble cavalier, changed the sheets, shaved him and combed his hair, meanwhile narrating his wonderful experiences in Paris forty years ago, much to the disparagement of all French valets. Then he proudly surveyed the result, who, in the glow of his toilet, was an optimist, again thinking how to redeem his past.

"Dere, sah, now yo's fit to receive callers."

The Vagabond's picture of himself had little in common with the one that Volilla drew upon her own awakening. She had already in her heart given up the idea that he was a play-actor, except of that magnificent kind that believes in only one part, his own. It was the compelling force of the man, his tantalizing, ubiquitous ability to put himself in a heroic pose, that she now recognized in that heart to heart communion that every woman knows in the silence of her own bedroom.

She had been indiscreet, impulsive, romantic, she told herself. She might have sent Marcus Aurelius to the Union lines in her stead, and she might have avoided other acts which, abstractly considered, would represent more than a nurse's interest in a patient. Even when she faced Southbridge, she had been conscious of a personal feeling, a feeling of downright partisanship for the wounded man because of his distress. He had won her admiration by that display of high purpose regardless of all selfish interests which is the most appealing of all masculine traits to the feminine mind, be it ever said to woman's credit.

"What I did," to put her conclusion in her own words, "was out of a natural desire to pay back obligations which he has wickedly increased, but which he shall increase no further."

She arose confidently; and confidently, in due course, she went to his room. By this time, he also was sure of his part.

"You have rested?" he asked.

"Yes, beautifully; and you?"

"Slept soundly and awoke with a firm purpose. I must state it, so that we shall start fair." And with that he smiled mischievously. "I am—not—going," he said, slowly, "to—propose—to you—every—day!"

Again, with the unexpected, he had passed over her foil by a stroke of delicacy which said that he realized her position and had determined to relieve her from any anticipated embarrassment. Nevertheless, as a

matter of fence, her two-worded comment was sarcastic. "How thoughtful!" she said.

"But I'm going to propose just once—before I go away. Is that agreed?" he asked, lightly.

She puckered her brows.

"Yes, just before you go away—just once."

"Thank you. Now that's settled, please tell me the one thing I most want to know—how is my horse?"

"Very comfortable in the stable. We hope to care for him as well as we shall for his owner."

Grateful now, after the surprise of his remark had passed, that he had relieved her from any feeling of restraint, she seated herself in the chair which she had occupied through the night.

"I am afraid I shall be your guest—your charge, I mean—for some time to come," he said.

"Say guest, please, especially as you are not going to propose," she returned, smilingly. "You are very weak, the surgeon says, but your recovery is only a question of time."

"Yes, that's it; that's what I'm trying to realize—that I am very weak. Every now and then I make an honest effort to raise my arm to convince myself that I am not shamming. It all seems so uncanny and preposterous to a fellow who has never been glued to a bed before. Yesterday I could bound into the saddle without the help of the stirrup; to-day I should need a litter and the smelling-salts to get downstairs. It will teach me humility and thoughtfulness. I shall have more sympathy with the sick and the failing hereafter."

While she wished for the fiftieth time that he could not talk so well, her fingers, moving on the table aimlessly, touched something small, hard, and heavy.

"That's the little thing that the doctor cut out—the one Southbridge gave me," he said. She shuddered, and held the bit of lead up quizzically for inspection.



THE CONFEDERATE'S SABRE WAS DRAWN

"I shall have to return his loan," he added, pleasantly.

"This same one, I hope."

"No, that would hardly be fair; his was not second-hand. No, a new one!"

The blood left her face. She laid the leaden serpent's sting back on the table with trembling fingers.

"Please," she pleaded, making a dismal effort to smile, "please promise me that you won't go out of your way to meet Colonel Southbridge. He is my friend. He—he has the secret—he consents to your being here. Please promise!"

"She loves him!" he thought, only that; it was enough.

"I'll not—I'll not go out of my way, I promise," he said finally. "He is one Confederate among many. It is unlikely that I shall ever see him again."

"Thank you. I—I ask it because I know you would win. The way you looked when you said that made me realize it, weak as you are. You would win—you always win—that's the worst of—you!" she cried.

He shook his head.

"I didn't mean to break out that way," she continued. "I should have waited till you were stronger before I asked you to make promises."

"It isn't much just to win. If it comes to that, I didn't win when I met Southbridge on the road. I have not yet—the great fancy of my life, you know"—but he checked himself.

And he was as good as his word about proposing, and better, for he never mentioned that there had been a story, or even the sketch-book he had shown her when he told it. His gratitude was expressed in his quaint conceits and exuberant fancy, in pencil-drawings of Marcus Aurelius, Josephus, and other notables, making a merry convalescence for himself and good company for his hosts. Mrs. Bulwer, who had thrown up her hands in matronly horror on learning of the situation, and who had at first regarded the patient with distant

ensoriousness, ended by wondering how he could have been born north of Mason and Dixon's line. His manners, which she expected to find barbarous, she explained by a gentle line of ancestors whose fortunes had dwindled, leaving the present generation to make his own way in the world.

Mrs. Bulwer read to him, and both nodded in the process. Volilla also read to him; and listening to her rich voice, which gave to *r's* slow and glowing recognition, and watching the unconscious play of her expression, he was as wide-awake as happiness can make a man. To have pressed his suit, besides being ungracious, which was his first thought, would have deprived him of association with her natural self in the routine of her duties as mistress of an estate. It was she, because she had the talent, rather than her aunt, who was always doing little things to please him; she who showed the most intelligent interest in his stories of the trail, which he told dryly; she who had Breaker brought into the yard the first time his owner was well enough to be carried to a chair by the window. The bay's coat shone over plump sides and solid quarters.

"I won't fall off again, old fellow!" the Vagabond called. "You see," turning to Mrs. Bulwer, "he's one of several who have saved my life. I thank you for being as kind to him as you are to me."

"Now, I've always said that a man who loved a horse and whose horse loved him could not be so very bad," she told him.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bulwer," he replied, with mock solemnity.

"Of course, they can be bad if they try—by invading a sovereign State," she rejoined, with a reproving shake of her finger.

He received her little reproofs pleasantly or met them with banter, or, sometimes, when she tried to bring him to her view of the war, with the logic of his simple experience. Between him and Volilla, however, no argument was ever passed on this subject. Both shunned it instinctively. Only once was it mentioned, even indirectly, and then absent-mindedly, when her needle was slipping in and out of another Confederate banner.

"You make the stars so well," he said, "that there ought to be more."

"The flag is not for your side, sir; it is for the fearless minority."

There was in her every act kindness and delicate hospitality, which he had made easy for her in one sense, which he had made hard for her in another, in that he had the faculty of doing the right thing when it would have served her sense of partisanship better if he had done the wrong one.

As soon as he could make his way downstairs without help (the ladies watching and Marcus Aurelius, most pessimistic, at his elbow), he joined them at dinner. In honor of the event, the kitchen became an African tyrant's stronghold, and the silver, some of which the Vagabond had taken from Aikens's pockets, adorned the table and the sideboard. For all the talk of that meal or of any other that followed, no stranger would have known but he was a welcome neighbor or a relative. With the feeling of one who is strongly held and strongly called, he looked forward to the time of his going. His desire to be with his men again was balanced by the fear of putting a dream to the alternative of coming true or of being shattered.

Finally, he set a Monday for his departure. Mrs. Bulwer said that he must not think of such a thing; Volilla counselled wisdom, and Marcus Aurelius cited a number of relapses, not to say deaths, as the result of overconfidence, which were, doubtless, the fruit of his resplendent tropical imagination. So they compromised on Wednesday, which came all too quickly. At times, he had read a line which he thought was hopeful; again, she was a sealed book to him. Could she have done so much for him merely in the name of courtesy and obligation? Alas, that was the fine thing about her; she could.

He thought that he would like to exercise the privilege which he had reserved for himself under the same circumstances that had favored the telling of his story. She was never so charming to him as when on horseback; words had never sprung so easily to his lips as when they bent their heads over the sketch-book in the sheltered lane.

"I ought to have a little practice for my journey," he said at the breakfast-table Tuesday. "May I join you for your ride to-day?"

"The doctor couldn't think of allowing such a thing!" she declared, promptly. "I'm surprised at you, indeed, Captain—you, a cavalierman! Why, you would be so lame that it would be torture to mount to-morrow. No, no," playfully, "I'm responsible for your care, and I shan't let you have Breaker to-day."

There was no going back of her reply, though he could tell by the flicker of a glance that she gave him what its real object was.

Neither in the morning nor in the afternoon did she permit herself to be alone with him. At dinner, the talk ran on California, the safest of subjects. Her sense of hospitality and her interest in the guest, of whom she had grown exceedingly fond, kept Mrs. Bulwer in the drawing-room till eleven.

"I'll sit here for a time, if you don't mind. I like the fire," he said.

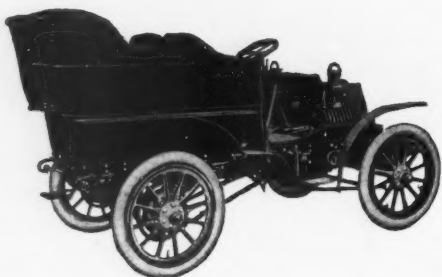
The evenings were becoming chill, and the logs had been lighted after sundown.

"You mustn't stay up too late. You'll need all your strength for to-morrow. Good-night," Volilla said, leaving the room at the same time as her aunt.

He sat watching the blaze, his legs extended, and knocking one foot against the other nervously.

"She doesn't mean that I shall speak at all," he told himself. "Her conduct while I've been here is her answer, and she expects me to understand. To-morrow the sand will be put back in the hour-glass and sent through the daily routine."

The door was opened softly, and he sprang up, to see her advancing into the room. She was never more exasperatingly beautiful, he thought. The firelight



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played on her hair in quivering gleams; the mole dipped into the dimple in a faint smile of polite determination. Her pose as she stopped before him was that of one forearmed to let him propose: now was his time, her manner plainly said. He met her perversity with the same serene cheeriness of demeanor as on the morning he joined her on the drive. Bowing, he placed a chair before the grate. She hesitated, then seated herself. Still he was silent, leaving her to speak first.

"The back-log is going to fall soon, and I came back to see it," she said, finally, with some embarrassment.

"I saw your face in the flame plainly before you came in," he remarked, abstractedly. "It was not then vexed. It was radiant, as it has been in every camp-fire flame for twelve years. When you think of what might be, why not think of the best that might be? And always I have wondered if we should ever truly sit looking into the same fire and reality should have taken the place of fancy."

"I did not agree that you should tell the story again!" she put in.

"I was not telling it. I do not need to tell it." Now he turned, and, looking into her eyes, spoke in tense, quivering sincerity: "You know it! My every glance, my every act has told you. Take all the happiness and all the ambition in the world and make it into a world by itself and it is my love for you."

For an instant her gaze had met his; then she rose: "It is impossible," she said. "Good-night!" Part way across the room she turned and added desperately: "Besides, I don't love you—I don't love you!"

"Tell me this! Tell me you believe that story—you believe that I have been honest—honest!"

"I do. And I—I have tried to be kind and chivalrous—only that—only that!"

And she was gone, and he was standing alone in the great room of a hostile house, he realized, when the back-log fell, with a volley of sparks.

### CHAPTER XVII

AT breakfast both were in command of that half-bantering good-humor which was their most feasible common ground. When the moment of parting was at hand, the heartfelt flow of his gratitude to his hosts was unrestrained by formality.

"You saved my life! You have cared for me as only such as you could care for a sick man. Had I been a Confederate and a relative you could not have done more. For haven't you avoided every opinion that might have offended me? Haven't you shown how far above war and politics a woman's kindness is? I can't repay you, except by doing as much for you and yours. But you must know that I am a better and a broader man, and that to you is, I know, the greatest of rewards."

"The very greatest," said Mrs. Bulwer. "Be careful, won't you, there's a dear. Richard and you and so many—" Her voice faltered, as thousands of mothers' voices did in those days. "The strongest and bravest, whether it's to be one nation or two—we need them!"

On her part, Volilla—the last touch of her delicate thoughtfulness—told him that she had had a groom take the kinks out of Breaker's legs in a preliminary canter, lest his pace be too spirited for a convalescent.

"If, when the war is over, you should ever come this way again," Mrs. Bulwer added, as he mounted, "Richard as well as myself would be glad to see you at our home."

When he had spoken his thanks for this graciousness to a stranger whose introduction had been scarcely regular, he glanced at Volilla. Would she, too, ask him to come again as a friend?

"It's so fortunate! You're going to have perfect autumn weather," she said, hastily. "Good-by, Mr. Williams!"

"Good-by, Miss Lanley. God bless you for your kindness!"

He did not look back after he had spoken; and, patting his horse's neck to keep him down to a walk, he rode away.

"Back to the hour-glass, Breaker!" he was thinking, as he turned into the road. "We'll see the war through if it takes twenty years. And then—then break the glass and let the wind carry the sand whither it will. Father Bob won't be on the trail, and there'll be nobody to give the gold to. I did climb the mountain; I did find the mine, and Tim and Jimmy can have it. I'll find another. I'll keep moving; that's the only thing. Pooh! We aren't babies, are we, Breaker? There'll be plenty of fighting, good fighting, to drive a man's heart back to its place when it seems to choke his throat. And we'll keep our promise, Breaker, about Southbridge. But we won't run away from the plume and the sash, and we won't be murderers, either."

At that moment Southbridge was waiting under the cover of a tree, where he had been curbing his impatience since dawn. No man had ever been more restless for a fair field which would relieve him of self-imposed aspersion. The "when you are well" which he had spoken in the sick-room he had meant to convey as definite an impression as pistols and coffee for two; in fine, that the Vagabond should not return to the Union lines without giving him satisfaction. While the Lanley house sheltered the enemy he would never enter it; but this did not keep him from being informed through a servant's frequent journeyings of the time of the guest's departure. So it happened that he reined his horse fairly across the Vagabond's path within a hundred yards of the Lanley gate.

"I thought so," he said.

"You thought what?" the Vagabond asked, in surprise.

Southbridge had changed his position so that the two rigid figures were facing each other over their horses' ears and neither had

the advantage of the other in ground, position, or composure.

"Oh, I'll be exact," he said contemptuously. "You shall have no complaint on that score. I thought that I should have to come after you if I wanted you to keep your word."

"I did not say that I would seek you. I am not seeking you now," was the Vagabond's reply.

"No-o?" Southbridge hung on to the rising infection grimly. "No, I judge not. But you have not forgotten my last words. Are you well?"

"Yes."

"Well enough to fight?"

"Yes, if I have a cause."

And then Southbridge in a word supplied one which no soldier could resist.

It was not necessary for the Vagabond to exert himself to be calm, as he had feared he must when he and the flowery cavalier should meet. He had, as yet, for one thing, a trace of the languor of a convalescent. Tragic as the situation was, he found humor in it, and he had no great object to hold him to life just then except the Vagabonds, which Jimmy and Tim could lead as well as he. He was subdued by the contrast, so in keeping with the satire of the time, between the gentle domesticity he had left and the male savagery he had encountered. The spectacle of two men slashing each other with no end but the gratification of personal enmity appealed to the sense of the ridiculous, which is always cooling. Having often longed half-wilfully to have Southbridge on the edge of a precipice, with room for only one, his desire was granted. It was as unnatural for the masculine being to fly in the face of such a challenge as for a woman to desert her child. Yes, death he little minded; the humiliation of being outplayed by this man he did mind tremendously.

"Your weapons—pistols at ten paces or sabres at one?" Southbridge demanded.

"As we are—as cavalymen should."

"Good! Here's the place! Here and now!"

He nodded over his shoulder to a vacant field. "Shan't we be seen from the house?" the Vagabond suggested.

"You choose the weapons. I choose the ground."

The spectacular in Southbridge's nature hoped for nothing so much as that his lady from her balcony should behold—behold is the fit word—her champion in the lists beat down his adversary.

"As you will!"

For the first time the Vagabond's face, which had been inscrutable in its calm, broke into an unconscious smile—such a smile as when he had his first glimpse of the cavalier on the Lanley porch.

It was the spark to Southbridge's temper. He cried an oath and rode on ahead to the other side of a level as big as a baseball field; while the Vagabond, his scheme of offence and defence very clear to him now, rode to the middle of it. He laughed softly, as his adversary turned and faced him, at the picture they would make for a cartoonist's pencil.

The two men on the verge of a combat for which every cavalymen is trained and which seldom occurs—but when it does is to charge what the turret is to architecture—barring a common chivalrous quality, were as different as nature could make them. Southbridge was over six feet in height. He was in his full array of knotted silk sash, Spanish spurs, tasselled boots, and plumed hat. His horse, a hundred pounds or more lighter than his opponent's, was pure white—the only one in the Virginia Firsts. "Then my men will know where I am and so will the enemy, please God," its owner said.

The Vagabond was the thicker set. At an angle on his reddish hair sat lightly the jaunty fatigue-cap of the day, and otherwise his uniform was unornamental and regulation. Of the two, for the size of his frame he had much more closely knitted muscles before illness had softened them; and, again, his bones would not so much hamper mobility. In every other respect, including his horse, when agility alone was demanded in a mount, he was at a disadvantage. He had not been drilled in the cavalry exercises at West Point. The little sabre-practice that he knew had been gained in four months' training. Yet, as he sat on Breaker in the middle of that field, he felt like granite.

"The other side! That's your privilege. As much start as you please," Southbridge called.

"Oh, thank you, I am content."

The even tones added fuel to the flame of Southbridge's anger.

"Are you ready?" he sang out fiercely.

"Yes, even waiting."

The Confederate's sabre was drawn from its scabbard in a flash; it was circled around his head in exultation as his horse sprang forward. He counted upon a slashing blow, reinforced by the momentum of his flight, to end the fray. The other had patted Breaker's flank in a way that Breaker understood, and steel and man seemed a part of the landscape. An onlooker might have thought them stricken with paralysis by the fear of their adversary and hopelessly awaiting Nemesis to overtake them, or nothing more than a dummy that a mad trooper had set up for a target.

The Vagabond had unsheathed his sabre, but he cut no dashes with it. He held it firmly, almost on a level with Breaker's ears, and while Southbridge's lips were parted and his eyes glazed by feverish preoccupation, his own were calmly smiling. Human nature not beside itself, not trained, would have swung back to let that wild animal and wild man pass, out of the sheer instinct that makes a baby blink. When the enemy was near, so near that he had already risen in his stirrups to strike, the Vagabond leaned over to the side by which he was to pass and shot his sabre fairly toward the forehead of the flying horse. The horse reared to escape the glint of steel, thereby putting the target beyond



his rider's range and making his rider's blow an inconsequent hissing through the air.

As Southbridge came to a standstill thirty or forty yards away and turned around, the Vagabond was again facing him.

"I thought you wanted to fight!" he cried. "Not at all," the Vagabond said cheerfully. "Not I, but you. I only want to be accommodating."

That was too much. Southbridge drove his spurs into flanks already bleeding. This time his sabre was not uplifted. It was drawn back ready to thrust into any opening that offered. The Vagabond now sat erect in guard. With the thunderous approach of his enemy Breaker swerved a little, else grayknee would have locked with blueknee. Southbridge, so recklessly contemptuous of any skill on the part of his adversary that he had not his wrist through the cord, lunged, and the Vagabond, with a swing upward, struck the weapon near the hilt and sent it flying into the air.

It caught the sun in shivering gleams, and seemed certain to fall near enough for him to reach it first—and then, with the dexterity and quickness of a handball player, Southbridge caught it by the hilt as it fell. The Vagabond could not withhold his admiration.

"Bravo!" he called.

The humiliation of being disarmed by a tyro was spur enough, without the thought that Volilla might have seen all from her window, to drive Southbridge to desperation. He craved the blood of that figure which now touched its cap in polite salute, and he determined to charge and recharge till the suspense was over.

Breaker had been extremely patient for a veteran. He did not reason elaborately, as the talking horses of fiction do. Aside from any effort between his rider and the other man, the fight had now become personal with him. That namby-pamby white horse, with his long mane and tail and airs to go with them, had snorted by him once, and a second time had kicked dust in his eyes. An ancestry which roamed the earth in herds and fought for chieftainship of the drove would not permit him to stand by for a third insult. His curving neck and pounding forefoot expressed as much to his master, who let him go; and when once more the combatants could see the whites of each other's eyes, the two-footed gave the four-footed comrade a signal that meant "Close in."

Now the bay's superior weight and his reserve energy counted. The horses' shoulders came together at the same instant that steel ground on steel, till hilt met hilt, and, with the impetus of Breaker's attack, men and beasts went down to the dry turf together. In that interval, when two determined straining faces were close to each other, the Vagabond dropped his own weapon, seized Southbridge's sabre wrist, weakened the grasp, and, falling atop his adversary, was the first to rise, with the captured blade in his hand.

"Is that fair? If not, we can begin over again."

"It is," said Southbridge, rising as if his body was weighted with a heart of lead.

The Vagabond picked up his plumed hat and handed it to him. Southbridge flung it onto his head.

"It is!" he repeated, "for we fought as cavalry do." He paused, while he regarded his enemy stoically. "You are a clever soldier!" he said, slowly, admiringly, bitterly. The Vagabond offered his hand. Southbridge refused it with a glare, and, remounting, rode away, not by the road, but by a lane running far to the rear of the house.

"Now I am back in the nineteenth century again," the victor thought. "But you weren't a remnant. You were a magnificent specimen." He watched the stalwart figure of his enemy until it disappeared from view. Then he suddenly felt himself so weak that he had to lean on the shoulder of Breaker, which he patted lovingly, for support. All his strength had gone into the strain of smiling in the fight for life. While he rested thus, weak enough to have been overcome by a boy in knickerbockers, he heard a footstep, and looked up to see Volilla at his side with a flask in her hand. "You must need a little brandy after such an effort."

"Did you see it—the fight?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, as disinterestedly as ever in her kindness, unscrewing the top of the flask and handing it to him.

He tilted and tilted it till he felt the few remaining drops on his tongue.

"Oh, it was nearly empty, wasn't it?" she exclaimed. "I seized it in a hurry, not thinking. If you'll wait I'll bring some more. Besides, it was unpardonably thoughtless of us to let you go away with an empty canteen." She unfastened it from the rings on his saddle-tree without asking his yes or no. "I'll fill it," and she was starting back.

"It is unnecessary, believe me! I can dip it in the first stream."

"And get the fever! You'll wait for it, won't you?" she asked; and because that mole was dipping into the dimple as she asked, he perforce consented—like the fool he was, he told himself—to further torture.

"Thank you!" she said. "One of our officers fought you when you were ill, and it's only fair that some one should recognize the fact."

When she returned she was on Folly's back. Her hand trembled as she passed him the canteen. He fastened it on the saddle and mounted. Then, turning toward her and lifting his cap for farewell—a farewell in terrible earnest—he saw on her face that far-away expression of the day of her grandfather's death.

"I'll ride with you a little way," she said, in a kind of indecision, "to make sure that you get on safely."

"I had not expected so much," he said, not very pleasantly. "You are a most devoted nurse."

She rode on beside him in silence long after they had reached the road.

"I'm sorry that—difference took place at your very door," he observed, finally. "But we men are impulsive brutes."

To this she said nothing for some time, and then her remark, made angrily, did not seem in reference to him, but rather a part of a tempestuous train of thought.

"I could not prevent it. Fight you would. Fight you did. I knew you would make him blind with rage. Oh, if I'd been a man! If I had been against you I would have smiled back at you and met your cold blood with blood as cold and steel as cold!"

So Southbridge's humiliation was hers, he thought; and he said, looking straight ahead: "He was uninjured. I kept my promise."

"Yes. You took his sabre away—you, a sick Yankee—as if it were a boy's, made of tin—took it away from a colonel of Virginia cavalry!" she said slowly, as much to herself as to him. "And he fought you when you were ill!"

"No. He asked me if I were well enough. I said that I was. The outcome is no great discredit to him and certainly no credit to me," he replied desperately. "I never did care for tricking policemen except as a means of escape. I wanted a mine, a mountain, and a—"

"Don't!" she interposed sharply. "You make light of your victory over a West Pointer, a Virginian, a colonel of cavalry, as if you did such things every day." "No; to show how little it counts. He may be a much better soldier than I. The war is not settled in personal contests."

"But you won—you won!" she repeated. "You always win—that's what is horrible in you."

"Not always—not in the greatest thing of all! Oh, I wish you would go!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "Can't you see that you are breaking my heart?"

She made no reply. She did not even look up. They kept on a quarter of a mile further, while she worked the reins in her fingers nervously, her lip quivering. Finally she allowed her horse to fall behind and to stop altogether, as he did his few paces beyond her. And she was smiling, he saw, as only she could smile; and the sunlight itself, playing on her adorable hair, seemed to have caught her change of mood.

"There are some things a woman can not help," she said. "If you will come when the war is over, dear—"

THE END

## Riding the "Horseshoe"

RIDING the "horseshoe" is a most curious custom that prevails at the coal-mines located at Whitwell, Tennessee. The entrance to the mines is at the top of the mountain—one of the many parallel ranges of the Cumberland—and the miners live either on a bench of the mountain, halfway down, or in the town of Whitwell at the foot.

The track on which the coal is carried to the railroad running through Whitwell is a steep incline two and a half miles in length, and the miners go up in the empty coal-cars to their work in the mine; but to each man's belt is hooked his "horseshoe," on which he descends to his home again. More properly, it is a muleshoe, being longer than wide. At the toe a notch is cut, which fits on the rail. On the shoe is riveted a small square board—the miner's seat.

Sitting then on this tiny seat, his feet straight out before him, the hollow of a foot sliding down either side of the rail, and acting as a brake, the little muleshoe grasping



Method of Sliding Down the Rail

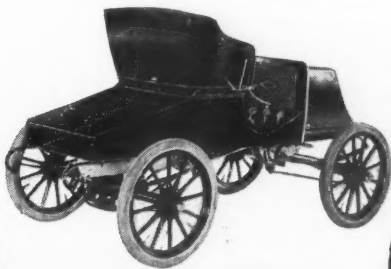
that same rail, his arms widespread, dipping up or down, to balance him, like a buzzard, swinging and dipping in the air, the Tennessee miner shoots down that two miles and a half of steep incline at the rate of a mile a minute.

A singing, as of hissing wires precedes the miners, and they whiz past the observer, one after the other, in quick succession. If a man gains too fast on the one before him, pressure of the brake—his feet—slackens his speed.

It dizzies one to watch them, and to think what might happen. Two or three have been killed, but hundreds daily ride the "horseshoe."

Those who live on the plateau stop there; the level ground slackens their speed and their brake is all-sufficient; but so great momentum has been gained that those who wish to go on glide on over this level space, of perhaps two hundred yards, to the second stage of the incline below.

Who invented this very ingenious contrivance we do not know, but, so far as we have been able to discover, it is in use nowhere else.



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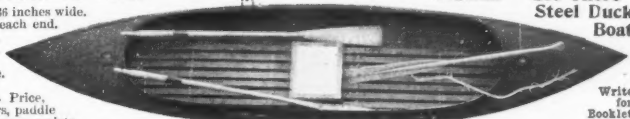
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